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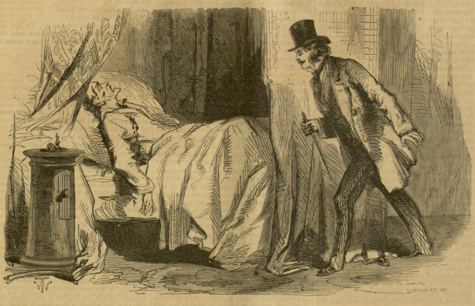

LORD ESLINGTON'S DISCOVERY.

THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

BY DR. HORATIO W. NELSON,
AUTHOR OF "LADY CLAUDINE; OR, THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE;" &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.

THE DUNGEON.

We now return to the secret expedition from the Tower.

The barge which contained the one-armed Captain Foy and his nephew George, with Hinchcliff and the two noblemen, we have seen after rowing away from the water-gate of the Tower with their enormous wealth of booty, reached a brig anchored two miles below. Having placed their treasures safely on board, the cable was silently slipped, and the brigantine put under sail. The dawn was now near, and objects could be each moment more distinctly seen. The friendly haze which had half the night hung like a vail over the river was now cleared away, and the morning star, like a lamp going out, was shining less and less brightly, as the light of the morning grew clearer in the east.

"The day will soon be upon us," said Lord Neagle, turning to Hinchcliff and the captain, and also glancing at the Earl of Conybeare, who stood near them upon the deck, folded in his cloak, for the morning air was chilly and penetrating.

"Yes," answered the ex-turnkey, with a frown at the blushing skies of the east, "this affair has taken too much time. If we take this chest ashore at the Harold's Head it will be an hour by sun; for it is nine miles below, and the tide and wind are both against us. And the custom-house officers may be inquisitive, though it is none of their business."

"We cannot be too careful," answered Lord Neagle. "In a few hours it will be known all over London that the Tower is robbed, and if we are seen landing from the brig this chest at Harold's Head, afterwards the fact will be recollected, and some of us may be known."

"And if you are not known, my brig will be," answered Captain Foy, gruffly, "and I should be overtaken before I could get out of the river, or, at least, reach France. If there is no landing before the sun appears, there shall be none for the day."

"We must land the jewels at once, for every vessel that looks suspicious will be searched, and besides, some of the crew of the barge may betray us," said Hinchcliff. "They do not know that it is a robbery, but that it is for our own treasures we have had your boat, Captain Foy; but when they shall learn, on going ashore to-day, or from shore boats, that we have actually robbed the Tower, they will comprehend the whole night's work, and for the hope of reward, will betray us."

"Gentlemen," said Lord Inglis, who had stood by, silently listening to their debate, "as I have so far consented to this affair, I will not shrink from further committing myself to it. The die is cast. I can fall no lower. The temptation which this wealth holds out is irresistible. You do not all of you know me, nor is it necessary that you should do so. It is in my power to relieve you of this dilemma. One and a half miles below this is the village of Conybeare-Ford. Close by the ford is the castle of the earl, who is now absent. I have reason to know that there is a covered way from the river to the vaults of this castle. We can, even with this light wind, reach the ford before it is fully day. Place the chest in a boat, and we will row to the land, where I can show you a secret way to dispose of this treasure, until you can find some wealthy Jew who can convert it into gold coin."

"This is our intention," said Lord Neagle. "For the present we must be perfectly quiet. Any attempt to convert the jewels into money just now, would expose us to detection. All we want for the present is a secure hiding-place for them. This we could find at Harold's Head, three leagues below, an old ruin in which dwells a fisherman who is in Hinchcliff's interests here—a cousin, I believe?"

"Yes, my lord. They will be as safe with him as in a bank."

"But we must find a place now, as the day is surprising us. It is important, too, that we should all be back in London, to escape suspicion."

"My view is," said Foy, in his blunt way, "that the farther you keep from London, the better for your heads. If you are suspected, a proof that you had never left London all night would not save you in a case like this, but such proof you could not get. Keep out of London. But what does this gentleman propose?"

"To secrete the jewels," answered Lord Conybeare.

"Not my share. I don't know you. I will take my share, and run the risk of being taken, on the whole. I can get money on them in Spain! The rest you may take ashore."

After a few moments' discussion, they all went into the cabin, and having selected from the precious stones what the one-armed captain thought he ought to have, three diamonds and seven pearls, valued at not less than twenty thousand pounds, the remainder was replaced in the chest, which was put into a boat, followed by Hinchcliff and the two noblemen. Two men were ordered into it as oarsmen; and as the brigantine was now nearly opposite the chateau of the earl, they pulled shoreward, bidding adieu to the captain of the vessel, which slowly kept on under sail, but not so fast that the boat, after landing the three men and their chest, did not overtake her just below the ford.

When the "gig" reached her, the two men sprung on board, and the vessel, with all sail upon her, forged her way down the Thames, the surface of which was already reflecting the redness of the eastern sky. The morning star still was visible, but fast melting into the light of day. In a few moments the sun would be up. The party on shore now prepared to conceal themselves and their treasure. Lord Neagle, who had bound a handkerchief about the lower part of his face as the light increased, more effectually to defy any scrutiny which Lord Conybeare might make of his features, now lifted the chest on the shoulders of Hinchcliff, who muttered, "That he was as good as a lord, and that the peer might carry it as well as he." But the habitual and inbred deference to the nobility of the lower class of men, led him (who was in reality the leader and master spirit of the expedition) to obey and bear the treasure. Lord Conybeare led the way from the dark shadows of the outlet of the moat, which was hidden from the eye of day by the impenetrable obscurity of thickly growing trees. The path wound close by the side of the moat for fifty yards, when it ascended by stone steps into the garden of the castle. Through a dense avenue of larch and lime trees, they arrived at a small gate buried amid shrubbery, which for years the gardener's knife had not clipped, but left in all the entanglements of nature. Pressing his foot heavily three or four times upon a flat stone in the grass-worn pavement close to the stone post, the massive door slowly turned on its hinges, and opened outward.

"Secret as a tomb, my lord," said Lord Neagle, as he looked into the gloomy and cavernous recess.

"It *is* a tomb, for it smells of death! I know that odor well," said Hinchcliff, as he set down the chest.

Lord Neagle nodded, recollecting the place in the cul-de-sac where he had found him when he went to examine the keys he had made for the Tower, and which they had so successfully made use of.

The earl made no other rejoinder than—

"There are steps! Be careful, as they may be slippery."

They descended several damp steps, and found themselves in a room about twelve feet square. As it was perfectly dark, Hinchcliff, who had his lantern with him, after closing the door, lighted it by a lucifer, and revealed a dungeon over feet in water.

"This was formerly a prison, and has interesting and sad histories," said the earl. "Here is a closet, closed with a nicely fitting stone. For what purpose constructed, I know not; but I think for concealment, as it will hold four or five persons standing upright, and a skeleton was found in it by the fifth earl, my ancestor!"

"Are you an earl? Then, by the queen's beard, I, John Hinchcliff, have consorted with noble company to-night!"

The earl looked confused and angry with himself for having unwittingly betrayed his rank and title to such an unprincipled person. That Lord Neagle knew him, the reader is already aware, while he did not know the former through his disguise of wig and beard, and French seaman's costume; all he knew was what Lord Harry had confessed of himself—that he was, like himself, a noble; but to have his secret known to a man who might betray him, and bring him to the block, annoyed him. For a moment his eyes flashed; but with an effort he restrained himself, and said—

"I said not *I* was an earl, fellow!"

"Fellow me not! You are too late! I know well enough from what you let out, and your knowledge of this secret, you are Earl Conybeare. I've heard of you as the heaviest player in London. Lost, I suppose, and tried to drown yourself, and being saved, have thought best to join us. All right! I shall myself buy an earldom with all our money, and we'll be three jolly lords together!"

"Hist your folly, Hinchcliff! If we use you for our own gains, we forget not that we are nobles, and you a peasant! Silence! Lift the chest into that closet!"

Muttering deep oaths, the man crossed the water-covered floor.

"I'll bide my time! These lords may dance now, while I fiddle; but I'll make them dance to another tune, and Jack Ketch playing it!" Lord Inglis had quick ears and head, but showed no other sign of emotion than compressing his lips.

The earl had pressed the wall, and a stone the hight of a man revolving, had exposed an opening within about four feet deep. It was a recess excavated out of the solid rock.

"Help me, Lord Neagle! I can't lift the chest in! You make me do all the work, and I ought to have double share! Curse your white hands!"

The earl sprung forward and lifted one end of the chest, while Hinchcliff, standing on the floor of the closet, raised and drew in the other. "Stand back farther and draw it to the rear of the recess. Farther yet. That will do! Stay!"

As the Earl of Conybeare spoke the last word, which he uttered in a tone so loud and determined that Lord Neagle started, he pressed his hand and knee firmly against the revolving rock, and the mass of granite swung round with resistless power, and shut in the wildly shrieking turnkey as in a tomb. As it closed hermetically, all was suddenly silent.

"What have you done, my lord?" cried Lord Neagle, with horror.

"Silenced a tongue that would have betrayed me and thee."

"Do you mean to kill him?"

"He will never see the sun again!"

"It is dreadful!"

"Not so dreadful as for you to hang on Tyburn. That man would have betrayed us! I heard his low threats! He is of no more use either to you or me—only a source of fear and a dread. Now the secret is ours."

Lord Neagle was silent for a moment. He shut his lips closely, and seemed to reflect. He then nodded his head affirmatively:

"Yes—you are right. Let him perish. We have no further need of the low-born hind. But is there no outlet—no air?"

"None that I know of."

"He will be a safe sentinel over our treasures. By the Lord, his ghost will haunt them!"

"Ghosts! I fear *men*—*men*, sir—not ghosts!" answered the earl, as he ascended the steps. "I fear *men* more than devils! It is man that makes earth hell to half the race. It was the fear of my creditors that made me leap the parapet. I would rather meet Satan and all his hosts, than men who are my foes! This fellow will be quiet enough there. So let him be. And now, sir," said the earl, drawing up his tall form in the doorway that opened into the garden, the tops of the trees in which were already catching the first sunlight, "tell me who you are. I am in your power. A moment since I could have closed this door upon you as I closed the stone upon your low accomplice; but you saved my life, and I am not ungrateful."

Lord Neagle at a bound placed himself clear outside of the dungeon, and half drew his dagger as he surveyed the earl with glances that seemed wavering between friendly and hostile.

"We had best be frank. You say you are a noble. We need have no concealment from each other."

"True, my Lord Inglis. But——"

"You need not answer. I now know whose voice it is. You are Lord Henry Neagle!"

"True, my lord," answered the young nobleman, bowing.

"Once my daughter's suitor, and cast off for your dissolute life," said the earl, sternly.

"It becomes not *you*, my lord, to rebuke. If I have been dissolute, you have aided me in robbing the Tower, and are but a rescued suicide!"

"Enough! Let us not recriminate. We are both good enough devils, I dare swear!"

This was spoken with bitter irony and a cold smile. "Come with me. We must be friends!"

"No, my lord—not now. I must return to London. As we understand each other, we need not fear each other. Our mutual safety hangs on our mutual confidence."

"True," answered the earl, as he closed the door of the dungeon as coolly as if he had not buried a man alive within the solid rock that formed its rear wall. "Do you love Isabel, my lord?" he suddenly demanded.

"I did—but not now. She has despised me!"

"Poor daughter. I must hasten to her. Already, I fear, she has heard of my attempted suicide, and mourns me dead. Now that we have wealth, my lord, her happiness is secured. I have done all this for her sake. But by what means shall we turn these jewels into gold?"

"I have a friend—a Jew. Him I shall call upon, and propose that he comes the third day hence to see the treasure, and say what money he can advance upon it."

"Upon the whole?"

"No. I will take such jewels out as I wish to turn into money. The largest and best known I shall keep for the continent."

"It is important I realize seventy thousand pounds before to-night."

"Impossible, my lord?"

"Nothing is impossible. I do not know the word. Joshua made yonder rising sun stand still!" And the earl pointed through the trees to the object which he named; for they still stood in the secluded walk by the door of the dungeon. "I might as well have perished in the river, or as well not have joined you in this robbery, my lord, if it is not to benefit me to-day; for it was the fear of facing this day with its obligations which led me to fly to suicide. Now, sir, this wealth will do me no good to save my honor, unless I can use it to-day. What is the least value of what we shall divide together?"

Here a slight noise, like a leaf falling and striking against other leaves, caused him to look round with a quick and suspicious glance. He saw no one, but he said—

"Let us speak low, my lord. This spot is secluded enough, but yet we cannot be too careful."

"About half a million each—so Hinchcliff said, and he knew the value of each, having so long been a servitor within the Tower, and heard their value spoken of."

"Half a million each—to you and to me each—or do you include *his* share?" and the earl pointed over his shoulder towards the dungeon.

"No—I forgot him. It will be three quarters of a million to each of us!"

"So many pebbles, unless I can turn it into gold!"

"I will try and aid you, my lord, but on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you give your consent that I shall wed your daughtar."

"Hark ye, my lord! If I get this gold I shall pay all my debts, recover my mortgages, and be a lord and a gentleman, and live as becomes my rank, and this little passage of my life will be a secret from the world. I shall be courted and honored. The Lady Isabel will be admired and sought, and as an heiress, will be a match for the best peer in the realm. You ask too large a price, my lord. Name something less."

"Well, my lord," answered Lord Harry Neagle, laughing, but coloring, "I suppose I am too great a rogue to aspire to the hand of *your* daughter, when you shall live on the fruits of our robbery, as becomes your rank. Never mind—I will not ask her hand."

"I would rather her head were given to the headsman than her hand to you, my lord!"

"Let us not quarrel about a lady, my dear Earl. We will make no compacts, and so break none. To show you how generous I am, and how I regard your honor, I will this morning see the Jew. Doubtless something can be done!"

"I trust so!"

"I had depended on that rogue, Hinchcliff, to do much for me in the way of a go-between. But he is as well where he is, as I have seen he is not to be trusted."

"With these fellows there can be no honor in keeping faith with noblemen, who, though they may use them, they feel to despise them. It was a rough death, but there was no alternative."

"Think you he is dead?"

"Not yet. It will take some hours for him to consume all the oxygen in the cell."

"But, my Lord, I must get at the jewels when the Jew comes. It is five miles to London. It will be five hours at the farthest before I can return here with one. Where shall I find you?—and what shall we do with the dead man?"

"It is necessary I go at once to London to reassure my daughter of my safety; for I sent a child I met in the street to her with a line, informing her that I was about to take my life, and that she was a beggar. Ere she gets the news, or ere it drives her crazy, I must hasten to her. You can find me at my house, No. 22 St. James street."

"I know the place well, my Lord," answered Lord Neagle, with a slight sneer. "I was well nigh kicked out of it last night. But she consoled herself for my absence with Sir Villiers Courtney."

"Was he there?" demanded the earl, quickly.

"Yes, my Lord. He seemed in good favor, too."

The earl made no reply, but a singular expression passed over his face.

"But let this pass," added Lord Neagle. "I see no way of raising the money you want except by bringing the Jew hither. It wont do to take him into that dungeon. It is no place to drive a bargain in, though safe enough to conceal treasures. I propose that you have two hundred thousand pounds' worth of the jewels removed to your library, to which place the Jew shall come."

"He must be brought hither blind-folded."

"I will see to that, your Lordship. It is necessary for both our safeties that he has no clue given him to know either of us. I know a Jew who, for certain reasons, will be willing to purchase—and then it will be for his interest to keep the secret."

"If you know such a man, go and bring him speedily. Come with me to my library one moment, while I write a note to my daughter. This path, my Lord. It is something tangled, as I have not for some weeks been here—since, indeed, I mortgaged it. It is this mortgage, and a few smaller obligations due to-day, I wish the seventy thousand pounds to meet. We shall find the old porter to open to us; otherwise there is no occupant."

They passed around an angle of the chateau, and ascending a staircase between two butresses, Lord Inglis knocked at a door in the wing. After a few moments it was opened by a gray-haired old man, very short of stature, and with a long, wine-red nose, upon the bridge of which sat astride an enormous pair of horn spectacles. Upon recognizing his lord he bowed and ducked his bald head half a dozen times, in token of his homage and welcome.

"Bless my soul! Glad to see my Lor'. Hope my Lor' 's come to stay. Hope my Lady S'bel is all right and hearty. Walk in my Lor'."

The library was cold and cheerless. The earl had to pour water into the nearly dried ink before he could fill his pen to write. While inscribing the note to Lady Isabel, Lord Neagle carelessly sauntered about, gazing upon the books with which the four walls were lined, placed in handsomely-carved oaken cases. It was an old baronial library, such as Sir Walter Raleigh might have had in his day in his chateau.

The Earl of Conybeare wrote as follows:

> "MY CHILD:—This will assure you that I am alive and in full health. I write lest you should have had any intelligence to the contrary. It is true I came near my end, but I was mercifully preserved; and since I find that my fortunes are so improved that I shall be no more annoyed by debts and mortgages; and your fortune, even a larger than you ever hoped, will be secured to you. I shall be in London to-night to embrace you, my beloved daughter.
>
> "Your affectionate father,
>
> "HUGH INGLIS,
>
> "7 A.M., *Thursday.*" of Conybeare."

The earl then folded and sealed it, and calling the porter, said:

"Jonas, take this over to the Inn, and bid Will Wild, mine host, to send it post-haste by his post-boy to London, to Lady Isabel."

"The mob lads are all on the road, my lor', and might stop him."

"I thought the troops had put down the rioters and dispersed them. Here is a crown-piece, old man. In thy day thou hast been a good rider."

"And I am yet, my lor'."

"Go then, if thou hast fear of the post-boy's being stopped. It will be safer with thee. There are three horses yet left in the stables. Go—mount the swiftest, and return and bring me word of my daughter; and thy reward will be in proportion to thy haste."

"I will be back in an hour and a half, my lor'," answered the porter, as he hastened from the room.

"Now, this settled, we must try and find some place to meet this Jew," said the earl to Lord Neagle. "While you go to London for him, I will remove from the chest so much of the treasure as I think will be valued at about two hundred thousand pounds, and bring it into this ante-room." As the earl spoke, he showed the nobleman a small inner apartment of the library, used as a cabinet. "He must see no books, nor nothing that he can recognize, or by which he can guess at my name and the place to which he is conveyed. By the time you return I will have this place ready. Now, my Lord Neagle, good speed to a quick return! I will be at the door to receive you. You had best come by the river, and land above the village, that no one may notice your approach. See that the Jew is blindfolded."

"I will, my lord; he would put out his eyes rather than lose the gains I shall promise him."

Lord Neagle now took his departure from the chateau, and crossing over to the inn, hired a post-chaise, and in ten minutes was on his way to London. As he went along, he saw groups of the disaffected rioters of the corn-law party standing at the cross-roads, and as he drew near the suburbs their numbers increased so greatly, that he perceived there would that day be a renewal of the sanguinary riots of the preceding day. He soon after met a detachment of troops on their way out of town, to take up a position in the vicinity of the rioters. At length he alighted near St. Paul's church, and giving orders for his post-boy to await there his coming, he proceeded on his way to the house of the Jew whom he came to seek. It was not wholly for the earl's sake he was so diligent on this errand; but he began to feel the importance, for his own safety, that money enough to enable him to leave England, and to carry out certain plans before leaving, must be realized at once—before the noise of the robbery should be widely published. This was of course a departure from his first policy—which was, to wait until the affair should blow over; but the earl's haste inspired him with a like desire to turn his booty into gold.

It was full nine o'clock in the morning when he came into Leaden Hall street, out of which ran a court, occupied mainly by Israelitish brokers and money-changers. These shops were not so mean in their exterior as those we have described heretofore in another part of London, inhabited by the kingly Israelite, Salathiel, and his beautiful daughter. Within the door of one of these shops Lord Neagle disappeared.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ASSASSINATION.

We now return to Lady Isabel in the town mansion of the Earl of Conybeare, at the time when Lord Neagle took his angry leave of her, muttering threats of revenge both against her and Sir Villiers Courtney.

Without question, she had once loved the young and dissipated noble; but now she felt for him no other emotions than those of contempt and hatred—if so gentle a heart could harbor such a feeling. But there arises in a true woman's breast a sense of anger against the lover who proves unworthy of her—of anger against herself and against him. She forgives neither. It is impossible, therefore, between two such hearts, the wounder and the wounded, to effect a reconciliation. When an admirer presents himself to a woman, with her heart in this state, if he is noble in nature and full of sympathy and tenderness, his presence and devotion soothes her pride, appeases her anger, restores her to her self-respect, and she gratefully accepts his devotion—for it is the loss of devotion that has wounded her. The vine which the storm rends from its hold upon the oak, clings to the nearest tree that offers a limb to support it. So with woman. She is the most readily won by a worthy lover who has just loved one unworthy of her.

Sir Villiers Courtney was every way worthy of her love. While she was fascinated, as it were, with Lord Neagle, he was her admirer, and like a skillful knight in the field of the heart, waited his time, well assured that so true, and virtuous, and proud a maiden could not *permanently* fix her affections upon so volatile a person as Lord Harry Neagle; but, discovering his unworthiness, would eventually cast him aside. The event verified his opinion. We behold him now in the field of love, seeking the hand to which Lord Neagle had no longer any claim.

After the departure of the latter under the circumstances which we have described, there was for some moments an embarrassed silence. Lady Isabel seemed instinctively to feel what was passing in his mind; and each moment she expected him to declare openly the passion for her which she knew had long existed in his heart. She felt that there could be at such a time no ordinary topic of conversation started; that if he opened his lips, it must be to reveal his love. And Sir Villiers felt in the same way. It seemed to be the crisis of his fate; and that the present moment was to make or mar his happiness forever.

He suddenly arose and approached her. She sat with downcast eyes, her heart throbbing with intense joy and tremulous with sweet hopes; for of all men Sir Villiers Courtney was the choice of her heart.

"Lady Isabel, perhaps this is not the moment, after such a scene of excitement as you have just passed through, to speak to you upon the subject nearest my heart. But for this I came hither to-night, and I cannot depart till I make known to you my deep and tender passion for you. Only the knowledge of your relations held with Lord Neagle has hitherto kept me silent. But these relations no longer, for your happiness, exist. Permit me to take that place in your heart from which, if——"

"Sir Villiers, Lord Neagle did hold a place in my heart," she interrupted, with emotion. "Once I loved him, and believed him worthy of my love. Henceforth we are nothing to each other! But, while I am deeply grateful to you for your preference of me above the numerous lovely women who would be honored by your notice, I beg you will for a while let me remain a stranger to further interests that will involve my affections. At present my heart is lacerated. It must have time to heal."

"May I *hope*, Lady Isabel——"

"Yes, Sir Villiers! I am not ungrateful! I appreciate your kindness. For the present let us be friends! By-and-by we may be more to one another. Of all men in England, I proudly say, I honor and esteem you for your manly qualities, and I feel that the admiration and distinction, with which you are always spoken of, is well merited. Besides, there is another reason why I should ask delay—but this I cannot now reveal. Perhaps what I fear may never occur; but I cannot, until I know the result of what I tremble to know, in honor encourage your addresses."

"I will not urge you to explain, Lady Isabel. But if you are in trouble, I beg you to confide in me as a brother—if you do not presently accept me as a lover."

The young baronet spoke with a tone of respectful sympathy; his fine brown eyes beaming with generous feeling; and his handsome and refined face lighted up with manly tenderness.

"Not now—not now! What I apprehend may not occur."

"But should it?"

"And I need your counsel, I will frankly ask it."

"I thank you. Now, dear Lady Isabel, as we are at least friends, if not lovers——"

"I said not we were not lovers," she answered, with a bright smile.

He looked at her with delighted surprise.

"Only not yet betrothed?"

"Only not betrothed. That cannot be until I know the——"

"What? Do not conceal from me what you dread. Possibly I may aid you! I may, indeed, perhaps avert some calamity you seem to apprehend! Confide in me, dearest Isabel, if lovers, as you kindly say we are."

She remained a moment thoughtful, suffering her hand to rest in the respectful and earnest grasp of his, while his eyes sought to read her secret in her changing face.

"No, no—not now! Perhaps in a few days I can tell you all!"

"I will wait—but promise me, Lady Isabel, that if you are in any trouble, you will not hesitate to inform me."

She closed her lips and said nothing.

He urged her again to look only to him, whatever she might suffer from the unknown danger that seemed to menace her.

"I will let you know, Sir Villiers," she at length answered, firmly; but with a pale cheek.

The baronet, happy in the hope of ere long becoming the betrothed lover of the beautiful Isabel, now changed the subject to divert her mind from a subject which evidently gave her pain. He led her to the piano, and succeeded, through music, in soothing and tranquilizing her feelings, which the outrageous conduct of Lord Neagle had deeply moved. At length they re-seated themselves, and after a few moments' conversation upon the new opera, Sir Villiers perceived that her sadness and troubled looks returned. He therefore sought to entertain her with gossiping conversation.

"Have you heard of the adventure which young Lord Eslington and Lord Gilbert de Beresford had two or three weeks ago in Paris?"

The reader will recollect that these two noblemen are the same who were in the gaming salon at the time (and at the very time in which Sir Villiers is speaking of them) Lord Conybeare entered, and who witnessed his play and his final losses; the one described by us as having blue eyes, and holding in his hand a hunting-watch; the other, with dark eyes, and sporting a splendidly-mounted lady's watch. For the conversations between these persons the reader is referred to the gambling scenes in chapter first of our story.

"I hear they are very wild," answered Isabel, absently.

"Yes; but by no means wanting in honor and self-respect, like too many others of the nobility. I will tell you what occurred to them in Paris. They had been to the theatre, and were alighting at their door, when a young and beautiful female, in a white robe de nuit, bare-footed and with her hair disheveled, for they could see this by the light of the street lamps, laid her hands upon the arms of each nobleman, and, in a voice of imploring accents, begged them to take her home—saying she had walked out in her sleep, and knew not where she was! Beresford, who has more phlegm than Eslington, was disposed to give her to a cabman's charge; but Eslington, who is romantic and good-hearted, insisted on taking her into their carriage and driving her where she had told them she lived, in Rue Castiglione, about half a mile distant.

"'Without doubt,' said Lord Gilbert, in relating to me the circumstances, 'the young girl was wonderfully beautiful, evidently lady-like, and in the greatest possible distress. So I consented to accompany Eslington, who had placed her in the carriage.

"'At length we arrived at the place indicated. On the way she had, in the most musical French, and in a voice tremulous with feeling, told us that she was the daughter of an officer in the Emperor's guard; that she had often walked in her sleep, but never before so far; that usually there was a light and some one in her room, but that night no one was with her, as the woman had gone to Versailles to see to her father, who was ill.'

"Upon alighting at the door the fair creature produced a key and unlocked it," continued Sir Villiers, pleased to see that Lady Isabel had become interested; "and she invited them up, that her father might thank them. Eslington gallantly insisted on going up, but his friend remained in the carriage. I will now give you the rest of the affair in Lord Eslington's own words:

"'We mounted by the light of a suspended lamp a flight of broad stairs *au troisieme*, and she led me along a gallery to the door at the farther end. Her small, bare feet glancing in the light, her thin flowing robe half-concealing, half revealing the sweet proportions of her form, her lovely face, her syren-like tones of voice, all fascinated me; and I resolved, for my own pleasure, to see the end of the adventure, and know where such a sweet nightingale had her nest.

"'Another key which she, singularly enough, had about her, opened a door at the end of the gallery through which she led me into an ante-room. It was also lighted by a brazen lamp hanging from a bracket against the wall. Around its sides were benches, and one or two pictures in old carved frames hung between the only two windows.

"'Entrez, monsieur,' she said, throwing open an inner door.

"'She preceded me into a handsome and well-lighted apartment, but scarcely had I got well into it ere she glided behind me, and the next moment I saw the door closing behind me, heard the key turn in the lock, and she had disappeared with a light, cold laugh. For a moment I was so taken by surprise, that I simply stood still; but the singularity of the affair at once forced upon my mind the idea of danger, and I attempted to open the door, but found it firm and unyielding to all my strength. I then glanced about the chamber to see in what place I was, and how I could escape. That I was entrapped for some purpose, possibly to be murdered, I at once perceived. The room was about twenty-five feet square, lofty, richly furnished, with gilded cornices and handsome carpet. On the opposite side stood a curtained bed, the curtains suspended from a rich canopy above it. There were two other doors to the room. Upon a chair by the bedside I saw several articles of apparel carelessly thrown, and a hat was upon the table near by; and I saw a pair of shoes upon the floor; and everything distributed with the carelessness with which one undresses to retire for the night.

"'Some one is in that bed,' said I to myself. I softly approached it; but fearing a surprise, I turned aside and tried to open the doors. Neither of them would move. They were as firm as if nailed from top to bottom. I looked at the windows, they were three in number, but these were fast. My foot hit against an object on the floor. I stooped and saw that it was a dagger. By the light of the three wax candles which burned over the mantle, I saw fresh blood besmearing the otherwise bright steel of the blade. I shuddered and felt my heart stand still. I felt that I was betrayed by my admiration for beauty, and my sympathy for young virgins in distress into great peril. Evidently some one had been murdered. I might be the next victim! I rushed against the door which the beautiful fiendess had locked upon me. At this moment I heard loud cries as if in the street. It was the voice of a female. I could have sworn it was her voice. What she cried I understood not. This gave me the idea of shouting to Lord Beresford for help. I did so, coupling with his name, 'Murder! murder! Help, help!' both in English and French. To my great relief I heard from below an answering cry. It was 'Murder, murder!' I could hear the words with distinctiveness. 'I shall be relieved,' I said. 'I shall not die here by assassins!' I wondered my voice had not aroused the sleeper in the bed; and hearing no sound there, I suspected I had been mistaken in supposing it to be occupied. With my dagger in my hand to guard against surprise (for I had begun to believe my assassin to be herein concealed, ready to spring out upon me as soon as an opportunity should offer for him to do so in safety), I drew to the bed-side and drew back with one hand the curtains, while with the other I brandished the dagger.

"'Imagine my horror at beholding lying upon the white sheets the crimson corpse of a murdered man! He had as many as half-a-dozen gaping wounds in his naked breast, and all of them were still oozing blood. I uttered a cry of terror and surprise, and stood for a moment transfixed by the fearful spectacle. At this moment a noise, which had been heard for some seconds, concentrated at the door! It was burst open, and I had time only to drop the curtains of the bed when I beheld half-a-dozen persons bound into the room. Upon seeing me they uttered cries of horror, and some of them calling out, 'Murderer, Assassin!' advanced to seize me.

"'Instantly the whole truth flashed upon me! I perceived that this girl, or some one associated with her, had committed this murder, for some cause secret with herself; and in order to fasten the crime upon others, had gone out as she had done to seek a victim. I felt that if I suffered myself to be taken, a French prison and the guillotine would be mine; for the evidence against me would be overpowering, found as I was with the blood-wet dagger in my grasp, and standing by the bed. By good fortune, Lord Beresford had come up also, on hearing the cry of murder, fearing for my safety; for the young girl had no sooner gone down and got into the port-cochere, than she began to shriek murder, and direct people up stairs to the room where I was. I called to him, and told him in English that I had been entrapped into a murdered man's room to have the deed fastened upon me. He comprehended at once my perilous position, and being a man of courage, and skill in boxing, in an instant those of the men who were rushing upon me were knocked right and left, and Lord Gilbert taking his place by my side, we fought our way out, holding pistols to the faces of the gens-d'armes who would have stopped me. It was a desperate conflict for a few moments, but we succeeded in reaching our carriage, and driving off with a speed that defied pursuit; but not without discharging several shots back to check pursuit. After driving through several streets in a devious route to elude any attempt to overtake us, we finally reached our hotel in safety. The next morning all Paris was in excitement. The man murdered was a rich noble, who was a bachelor. The manner in which the murderer (meaning me) had been discovered by a grisette, who gave the alarm, and how he had been detected by the bed-side of his victim, with the bloody knife in his grasp, and how he had been joined by an accomplice from without, and together they had fought their way to the street with daggers and pistols, and how finally they got off into a carriage in waiting with all the money of the noble marquis, were items fully discussed in every cafe of Paris.

"'That very day, by two different roads, we left Paris,' continued the Earl of Eslington, said Sir Villiers, 'and thanked our stars when we set foot on the Dover packet. The chief of police has offered a reward of ten thousand francs for the apprehension of the murderers, 'who,' says the placard, are believed from their voices to be English.'"

Here Sir Villiers ended his narration, to which Lady Isabel had given such deep and surprised attention.

"What an extraordinary adventure!" she said.

"Marvelous—and only possible in Paris."

"Without doubt Lord Eslington would have been convicted if arrested."

"I think it likely; unless the true assassins could be found. One of them, if not the only one, must have been this dangerously beautiful girl. But Eslington says it would have been impossible for so slight a person to have inflicted those deep wounds! Yet there are cases of the weakest arms wielding weapons of death under the influence of that excitement which lends supernatural strength for the moment."

"Without doubt she was the murderess! But how strange her mode of action!"

"It betokens finished crime to conceive of such a way of laying the deed upon others, and the most fiendish wickedness thus to involve the innocent. Beauty is not always innocence and virtue in this fallen world. She must have gone in a cab, which Beresford thinks he saw her get out of to the place to wait for them to alight; for she hardly could have gone so far with naked feet and in a night dress without being taken up by the police. It was artfully done. Eslington thinks she knew who they were, thus to wait for them, or rather to be there at their porte-cochere just as they came from the Opera; 'and especially his weakness,' as he termed it, 'for pretty faces and pretty feet.'"

"They made a narrow escape!"

"Yes. The nobleman was robbed too, by whosoever assassinated him," so said the Paris papers.

"Is it possible she can escape?"

"In Paris hardly, with their vigilant police. It is barely possible she may be at this time in London, with the proceeds of her crime."

Lady Isabel shuddered at the idea.

"Are these two lords now here?"

"Yes. I met them this evening at the club. They are probably to-night at their favorite resort, the fashionable gaming rooms of De Fretti."

Here again Lady Isabel shivered and turned pale.

"Pardon me, dear Isabel! This tale I have told was too sanguinary for a lady's ears."

"No, no; it is not that—it is something else!"

"I see you are suddenly troubled."

"Sir Villiers, I will confide so far in you! I tremble for my father! That is the gaming saloon he goes so frequently to; for I have seen in his room notes addressed to him there. I found one to-day that greatly distressed me. It was a rough copy of a challenge to Sir Paul Varney——"

"What! To mortal combat?"

"No—oh, no—to play for fifty thousand pounds! My father's only fault is play! He has I know recently lost large sums of money. I fear—that—that——"

"Nay, confide in me, dear Lady Isabel! Suffer me to help you to bear your sorrows, whatever they may be."

"You shall know all, Sir Villiers! My father has mortgaged not only his castle at Conybeare-Ford to raise money to meet his losses, but sold his estates in Hertfordshire. He has confided to me nothing. He believes I am ignorant of all! His devotion to me leads him to conceal every thing which he thinks will pain me. I have discovered his secret by his 'notes' of losses and bets, for he has so poor a memory he notes down every thing, which I have taken from his coat while he slept. Then in his sleep he talks incoherently of being a beggar and of ruining me! To-day he has been in great trouble. He went out at dark, and I know has gone with fifty thousand pounds, which he got to-day for the mortgage of this house, to De Fretti's! He has lost most of his money to Sir Paul Varney!"

"The best and most dangerous player in the kingdom."

"My poor father, hoping to recover all has resolved to cast all upon a die to-night! I only knew this after he had left, by finding the copy of his note to Sir Paul on the floor of his room. If Lord Neagle had not come in I should have been led to have gone and urged him to return home. Since you came, Sir Villiers, I have had it in my heart twenty times to tell you all! and ask you to go and see if it is yet too late to save him! for if Sir Paul Varney wins the fifty thousand pounds, it is my father's all; and I fear—I dare not say *what* dreadful thing I fear? I could not tell you for fear you would despise me! or for fear when you found me a beggar you would, if betrothed to me—but no! pardon me—I do your noble character injustice! I talk wildly and incoherently. Now you know all! If you regard me with favor, fly to save my father. Return him to me and——"

"—And what, dearest Isabel?"

"I will give you myself!"

Sir Villiers pressed her hand to his lips, and gently rebuking her for not letting him come into her confidence, he hastened from her presence to seek the earl at De Fretti's.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SURPRISE AND ARREST.

Sir Villiers Courtney, after quitting the presence of Lady Isabel, took his way, with rapid steps, in the direction of the gaming saloon of De Fretti. A humane desire to save the Earl of Conybeare from ruin, combined with an ardent wish to ward off from Isabel a blow that would render her miserable, quickened each moment his footsteps, so that after he had reached the Strand he found himself fairly running.

At length he came into the street in a court out of which stood the gaming-house, so well known to all the fast nobility of London. Descending this he reached the arch, through which, earlier in the evening, we saw Lord Inglis pass up to the gorgeous rooms, which, from the ruin nightly wrought there, are not inappropriately called "hells."

It was after twelve o'clock. Upon reaching the upper door, and giving his name, he was admitted to the lighted saloons—for we must confess that Sir Villiers had been there before now, but not to play, merely to pass an idle hour with a friend—a fellow-officer in the army. It is not in London a mark of dissoluteness at all for a gentleman of the purest character to be seen in one of these hells of chance. "The nobility can go anywhere and do anything" is the common and true saying of the common people in England; and when even "play" is authorized in the Queen's palace, and the Prince Consort sits down to cards at Windsor, who shall be so bold as to point his finger to a baronet or a nobleman for playing or gaming under what roof he pleases—even under that of the dangerous De Fretti! As "kings can do no wrong," so reads the adage, so lesser kings—the nobles—claim for themselves exemptions, and take license for the indulgence of all vices. Who shall censure the theatre in England when the Queen has private theatricals in her royal palace—and she the political head of the Church!

The reader will now understand why Sir Villiers Courtney, who was the exemplar and model of a virtuous, and brave, and honorable English gentleman, did not regard it as a dishonor to enter De Fretti's. Truly, he found great company there! Lords and earls, barons and baronets, generals and admirals! Surely, he was kept in good countenance as he looked about him.

The first person he saw as he entered was Lord Eslington, who was sauntering about, holding his diamond-cased lady's watch in his palm, as if he were timing the game that was playing, or watching the hour to come round for an appointment otherwheres.

"Ah, Captain Sir Villiers," said the nobleman, with a stare and lift of the eyebrows, "you are abroad at a wicked late hour for a model moral subject of the realm, as all the old nobles and young ladies say you are."

This was spoken with a smile and an extended hand, which Villiers took.

"Were you, my lord, a little stricter in your morals you would not have come so near being guillotined three weeks ago in Paris!"

"Enough, Sir Villiers!" answered Eslington, turning pale. "It is an ugly subject! Bah, I cannot bear to think of it! I don't feel safe now I am in London, and a quick step behind me sends my blood to my head from my heart."

At this moment Gilbert Lord Beresford came up, for these two young noblemen were as inseparable as the two Dromios, and, shaking hands with Sir Villiers, said:

"Don't speak of it, captain. We are tender upon that subject; and, besides, we have been indiscreet, I fear, to speak of it so openly in the coffee-houses: for, after all, a French policeman in disguise may hear of it, and really believing in our having a share in that terrible assassination, give us trouble."

"But they would hardly do so while you are in London, my lords."

"There are secret emissaries everywhere, and it would be the easiest thing for them to muffle us on the street, tumble us, like Turkish unfaithful spouses, into sacks, and convey us to France. Beshrew me, the French police will not rest till they find out who was the man with the dagger who fought his way out of the dead man's room, and his accomplice in the cab." This was said half seriously, half smilingly.

Sir Villiers, however, heard without attention. His thoughts were upon his errand thither, and his eyes were surveying the magnificent room for a sight of the Earl of Conybeare. He did not like to ask for him openly, as it was well known he was a suitor for the hand of the earl's beautiful daughter; and he shrunk from giving occasions to any light witticisms on the part of the gay young lords.

"You seem to look for some one," said Eslington. "Can I assist you?" he asked of Villiers, who was greatly esteemed and popular among all who knew him.

"It is of no consequence. I will walk through the apartments."

At this moment Sir Paul Varney's tall form, surrounded by half-a-dozen sycophantic young men, approached. Upon seeing him, Villiers's face flushed, and his fine eyes took a sudden expression of mingled anger and defiance. It was the first time these gentlemen had met since they encountered one another on a dueling ground at Brussels, six months before. Sir Paul there had ruined a young friend of Captain Villiers at play. The young man accused him of taking unfair advantage of him. Sir Paul challenged him. They met, Captain Villiers acting as his young friend's second. Sir Paul fired a second before the word, wounding his man, when Sir Villiers Courtney shot him through the pistol arm as chastisement for this act, whether of carelessness or of intention, applying to him at the same time, before all present, the term "assassin."

Captain Villiers, let the party pass, which it did without Sir Paul seeming to notice the presence of his adversary; though it was evident to Villiers that he saw him.

"He goes out a hundred thousand richer than he came in," said Eslington, as he passed out of the door. "He won fifty thousand of poor Conybeare, and has been winning every moment since."

"The man has a compact with the devil! He is a Mephistopheles," said Lord Beresford. "All men say (it is the fashion) that Sir Paul is the soul of honor, and plays fair—but it is impossible for a man to have such a turn of fortune *always* in his favor. He must either cheat or have a devil!"

"Hist!" said Eslington, "that would have cost you your life if one of his myrmidons, who hang about him for the spoils, and are always singing his praises, heard it."

"I do not fear Sir Paul, nor any man! It were a pity a man had not as much courage as a lion—when he asserts his superiority over that brute; and the lion never shows a white feather."

"Sir Paul, then, has won?"

"You mean the challenge of Conybeare?" asked Beresford.

"Yes. Did the earl lose?"

"Every guinea!"

"T-t-tut! That is bad! Where is his lordship?"

"Left half an hour ago!"

"Whither, and with whom?"

"No one went with him. He left very much excited. We endeavored to soothe him, and I offered to accompany him. But he declined. It is a heavy loss, especially as rumor has it he has little left."

"It is whispered that Sir Paul Varney holds all his estates under mortgage. It has been under a sort of fascination that the earl has persisted in playing with this man so perseveringly. Sir Paul seems to have charmed him, and brought him to his feet whenever he willed!"

"It is extraordinary. My lords, you must permit me to bid you good night. I must see the earl. He may be wandering the streets in despair!"

The three gentlemen left the saloon together. At the head of the court they parted, the noblemen to go to an appointment and Captain Villiers to hasten back to the residence of Lady Isabel in St. James street, to ascertain whether her father had ruturned thither after quitting De Fretti's. Leaving him on his way thither, now past midnight, we will turn our attention to the two noblemen.

No sooner had the close carriage which had been in waiting for them at the head of the arched court, moved forward, than four men sprung out from beneath the dark arch, two of whom jumped on behind, and one upon the step of the carriage at each door; and the two latter presenting pistols at the head of the amazed noblemen, commanded, in the French tongue, silence, on pain of instant death.

"Paris and the assassination;" whispered Lord Beresford to his friend. "This is an arrest."

"We submit, messieurs, only point your pistols a little upward," said Eslington, with a sort of desperate playfulness. "They *might* accidentally be discharged."

"Silence, messieurs," was the response, stern, and whispered by one of their captors, putting his head into the window.

They felt their safety depended on submission, and remained silent, while the carriage drove rapidly onward. At length, after about a quarter of an hour it stopped at the side of the river. Here they were transferred to a boat. Just as they were seated, with an armed Frenchman on each side of them, the whole atmosphere was suddenly illumined by a bright, bluish glare! It was the burning of the blue lights half a mile higher up by London Bridge, when the earl leaped over the parapet.

"Sacre! What is that?" cried their captors.

"We are discovered! Quickly! Pull with all your force out into the stream!"

The next moment all was darkness. By the momentary light the noblemen saw that their captors were masked, and armed not only with pistols but with the short French hanger worn by the Paris gens-d'armes when on desperate duty. They felt that men who would enter London and so boldly abduct them were not men to be trifled with, and they made up their minds to be as patient and submissive to their singular captivity as might be.

After an hour's rowing, they passed the sleeping village of Conybeare-Ford, (at which an hour later the earl, Lord Neagle and Hinchcliff landed with their treasure,) and after rowing another half hour order was given by their chief man, who sat wrapped in a capote, to cease rowing.

He then looked carefully about him in the darkness, as if searching for some object upon the water.

"We are not far enough down! Give way, men! Every one of you keep a sharp look-out for the schooner."

After a further row of ten or twelve minutes the command was again given for the oarsmen to cease. The dark bosom of the river was then closely scanned. The haze was slowly lifting in the morning air, and the first gray of dawn was visible in the upper sky eastwardly.

"Something has alarmed them. The vessel is not to be seen; this is the point where we left her at anchor. Perhaps she has been suspected and seized."

This was said by the man in the capote to another man who sat, pistol in hand, by the side of Lord Beresford, who with his friend had been securely handcuffed after being placed in the boat.

"We had best go on, even if we have to pull all the way to France," answered the other, an extremely youthful and slight-looking person; but speaking in a voice stamped in every tone with resolution. The other assented.

The boat now continued its rapid way down the river. All at once they were hailed in French from the water close ahead of them. Upon looking they discerned three persons floating upon a spar.

"Is it you, Capitaine?" was the challenge.

"That is Jacques!" cried the man in the capote, rising up in the boat. "Pull towards them. Hilloh, mes enfants! How came you in the water? Where is the golette?"

"At the bottom of the river in two pieces, Monsieur Capitaine," answered the man. "But take us on board and we will tell you. Have you the prisoners?"

"Both," answered the capitaine.

The three men were now taken from the floating spar, dripping, into the boat.

"How came this?" sternly demanded the chief man of them.

"Half an hour ago, as we lay at anchor, and while the flood in turning had swung our vessel broadside to the stream, what should we see coming down upon us through the fog, and close aboard, but a large brigantine under press of sail. We shouted and warned them, but either they did not hear or didn't care, they were going so like the diable himself, for the next moment they struck us exactly abeam, cut us sheer in two amidships, as I would cut a melon, and toppling over on each side, down went each half of our craft, while the brig, scarce checked in her speed, kept on her way, their captain's voice heard cursing us as we went under for laying in his track."

"May the curses fall on him should we meet ever," answered the capitaine, with a deep French execration. "How long ago was this?"

"Not above half an hour."

"Not so long," said another of the men.

"It seemed an age to us in the water," said a third.

"To your oars! Give way, men, for your lives. The wind lulls, and we may yet have our revenges, and get a deck to take us over to France. Deal out wine to every one," he cried to a man in a sort of corsair cap and a beard that might have raised the envy of a grand Turk. "I mean to overtake that brigantine or die in the attempt," he said, with an energy of tone which inspired the spirit into his men which animated himself. The boat had nine oarsmen, besides a man at the helm. It contained, with the prisoners and three rescued from the water, nineteen persons in all.

The day was just dawning. The capitaine, erect in the stern-sheets, kept his piercing gaze directed down the river. Under the impulse of the oars and the wine, the boat made the waters hiss before its prow, and roar in its wake astern. Each moment it grew lighter, and the keen eye of the chief of the party sought to discover the object of their pursuit among the anchored shipping which, as low down as that, was anchored in great numbers. At length the last vessel at anchor was past, and far down, just rounding a bend in the river, the disappearing masts of a brigantine under full sail were visible in the dim dawn.

"Voila!" shouted the capitaine, extending his arm and looking at Jacques. "Is that the craft?"

"The very one, Monsieur," answered Jacques, who had been the mate of the sunken schooner.

"Then she is our's. The wind is falling, Give way, men! Put all your souls into your arms! Never heed fatigue! If we take her, every man of you shall have a gold Napoleon."

This word was received with a loud huzza, and the nine men, fairly rising to their feet, and then flinging themselves backward with all their weight, sent the boat along the water with redoubled velocity.

All was now intense activity. The arms of the oarsmen were examined one by one by the chief, and laid ready for their use at a moment's warning. The party no longer were masked. The black demi-visors, which each had worn in London, were laid aside in the boat, as if they were now so secure as to be indifferent to recognition by their prisoners. The faces thus presented to the view of the two noblemen were four as determined and firm countenances as could well be imagined. The chief was a man of forty years, with jet black hair and eyes, a ruddy, dark cheek, and long moustaches. He was a handsome man, as all brave men are. By handsome we mean the beauty of fearlessness and self-reliance—the beauty of courage! His assistant next in rank was, as we have said, a mere youth, not certainly more than twenty years of age. His features were pale and elegant, but extremely determined; and his eyes were fearfully fierce, while his mouth, well-formed and thin-lipped, wore an implacable and, what one might fancy, a blood-thirsty expression. He looked, thought Eslington, as he involuntarily shrunk from his eye, as if he had no mercy or pity for one in his power. He relaxed not a moment his vigilance, not once removed the muzzle of the pistol he held from covering the heart of Eslington, nor stirred his forefinger from the cocked trigger. So intent was he in watching the prisoners, that he scarcely interested himself in the vessel before them.

"We must board her," said the capitaine, looking at him.

He simply nodded, not moving his lips. Both of the prisoners felt that the slightest attempt on their part to escape would be attended with instant death by his hand.

As Beresford cast his eye over the boat's crew, he saw that they were all French, or Jerseymen, but two, who were evidently English smugglers, or, perhaps, men of a worse trade still—men on whose faces villainy and wickedness were written as with a pen of iron dipped in blood.

"Truly," thought he, "a bad Briton is the worst-looking man of all nations. He shows more of Sathanas in his visage than any other race can boast of. If the devil were incarnate, he would take the countenance of an English outlaw. "These were the two other men of the four who had got upon the carriage.

The faces of the boatmen were frank and cheerful, and as they rowed, they laughed and talked as if the humanities were not yet all dead within their bosoms.

For a few minutes the brigantine—which the reader will by this time have suspected to be that commanded by Foy, the one-armed skipper, was out of view behind the point of land; but the boat soon came so near as to open upon her again, not three-quarters of a mile distant. The sun was now flooding with golden light, fused with orange and crimson, all the eastern hemisphere, and objects were everywhere catching the glory of the morning. In a few moments the sun, thus heralded, rose upon the world, and filled all the landscape within the embracing horizon with dazzling splendor. The window of the cot of the peasant blazed with its flame-like radiance, as well as those of Windsor Castle, and even the grated casements and turrets of the dark Tower blushed with gold. How little man heeds what is often repeated! Every new sunrise is a new creation, as wonderful as the first which rose on Adam! The party in the boat only noticed the coming sun by a wish that it had delayed its rising until they could, under darkness, have boarded and carried the brigantine.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

INGENIOUS TEST.

A Spaniard having stolen a horse from an Indian, the latter convicted him of the offence by a very ingenious plan. He complained to a judge, who had the Spaniard, with the horse, brought before him. The prisoner swore that the animal belonged to him, and that he had always had it, so that the judge did not find himself in a position to convict. He was even about to return the horse to him, when the Indian said, "If you will allow me, I will prove that the animal belongs to me." Immediately he pulled off his cloak, and, covering the horse's head, asked the Spaniard of which eye it was blind. The robber was much embarrassed at the question, but, nevertheless, not to delay the court, he replied, at hazard, that it was the right eye. The Indian, uncovering the head, exclaimed: "The horse is not blind either of the right eye or the left." The judge immediately decided that the animal was his.

THE VOICE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Through the gloom of even,
Through the light of morn,
Through the noon's clear shining,
Still that voice is borne.

Now 'tis loud and earnest,
Now 'tis soft and low,—
Now, in sweetest singing,
Soft its numbers flow.

'Mid the roar of cities,
In the forest lone—
Where the ocean soundeth—
Still I hear the tone.

All my life it haunteth,
Ceaseless melody:
Shall I hear its music
When I come to die?

THE TWO PARTINGS;

OR,

RALPH HUGHSON'S LIFE AND DEATH.

Sometimes to live is magnanimity. SENECA.

"Farewell, Mrs. Mortimer. Mr. Mortimer, your generosity has called forth a gratitude so fervent and intense, that I know not how to express it. Owing all to you, believe me that the sacrifice of all I am, and all that at any time I may have, would but feebly repay my debts, if ever such a sacrifice could add to your comfort or happiness."

"Do not mention it, Ralph," answered Mr. Mortimer, good-humoredly. "You know what I have given you can well be spared, and I ask nothing in return but to know that you are doing well in the career you have chosen. Mrs. Mortimer feels the same, do you not, my dear?"

"Certainly," the lady answered, languidly, not removing her eyes from her embroidery-frame. "Mr. Hughson needs no new assurance that my good-wishes will follow him into foreign lands."

Notwithstanding the languid manner in which the lady's speech was uttered, the tones conveyed a double meaning, that did not fail to strike Ralph Hughson's sense. The blood rushed over his fine, intelligent face, he faltered a little, but simply saying, "Thank you, Mrs. Mortimer," he turned to the only other occupant of the room.

"Miss Alice," he said, "I am going away, perhaps never to return. You will not refuse, in this hour, to listen for once to the thanks my grateful heart longs to utter for all I owe you. If to your father I owe the means of preparing myself for the pursuit of fortune and of fame, to you I owe the tastes that have led me to desire this career, and the aspirations which your words have created within me to rise to a high and noble destiny. Nay, hear me, Miss Mortimer. The offence will never be repeated. To have known you were happiness enough for a life-time, to owe you so much makes me your slave forever. In all the years of your life, you have but to command me and I will fly from the uttermost parts of the earth to do your bidding, nor deem aught that my poor services can contribute to your wishes more than the feeblest token of my soul-felt gratitude. And now, farewell, and may your lot be bright and happy as you deserve."

He timidly raised her hand to his lips, and turning away, was gone, without another word.

"Upon my word, the impertinence of that young man is extraordinary," sneered Mrs. Mortimer, fixing her cold grey eyes upon the blushing face of Alice, who had sunk down into the chair from which she had risen to bid Ralph Hughson farewell, and sat with her eyes fixed upon the hand he had kissed. She remained silent, and only noticed her mother's remark by a slight start, but Mr. Mortimer answered—

"Only a little flight of extravagance, my dear. Young men are full of romantic notions, you know. I dare say, the lad is grateful to Alice for lending him books and talking with him; she will seem like an angel to him for a month or year, perhaps, till he falls in love with a pretty face and forgets her—hey, Alice?"

"Yes, papa."

"Yes, papa," mimicking her. "Ah! little puss, you have not lived long enough in the world to appreciate rightly the relative value of words and actions. If we ever hear from Mr. Ralph Hughson, I shall be a little surprised. If he remembers our existence at the end of ten years, I will acknowledge him one of the wonders of the world, a miracle of gratitude and long memory. But, after all, it is only a few hundred dollars given away, which we can very well spare, and the lad is sure to make his fortune, and be the means of helping on others, whether we ever hear of him or not. So Alice, my pet, give old papa a little music, and then be off to your dreams."

So Alice sat down to the pianoforte, and played her father's favorite airs. She would have sung to him, but her voice was hoarse, and after the first few notes failed. She had taken a little cold, she said, and though mamma looked at her suspiciously, and said nothing, papa was alarmed at once, and sent her off to her room with a thousand charges to take care and be well in the morning.

The moment her door was closed behind her, Alice threw herself upon a couch in tearless agony. Her lips were wildly pressed to the hand Ralph Hughson had kissed, her other hand upon her heart essayed to still its wild beatings.

"He has gone, he has gone, and I shall never see him more. Why have I loved him so, and he cares so little for me, that he can coolly bid me farewell in the presence of others, with stereotyped phrases of gratitude for deeds that were but the spontaneous overflow of my intense love for him? Does he owe me aught for them, or can aught repay my love but his own? Oh, truly, I know that only heart for heart is fair exchange, and I have given all for naught, and so am bankrupt. God help me, I am so young, and have before me so many desolate years."

And then she fell to weeping in her terrible grief and deep humiliation, all ignorant of one who, standing in the dark, silent street, gazed upon the light that shone from her window, as the drowning mariner gazes upon the distant Pharos whose beams tell of safety and joy, but which he can never hope to reach.

"Oh, Alice, Alice," he murmured, "to love as I have loved, and to part thus, with a calm farewell and cold words of gratitude. I never hoped for aught but her sweet presence, her kindly words, the musical tones of her voice, and now, even that hope is snatched from me. I have looked and listened my last, and to-morrow the ocean waves will roll between me and the lady of my adoration, the sweet saint whom I may only worship from afar. Long before I have worked my way to fortune she will be another's; another's heart will be blessed; another's home will be made happy; little children will call her mother, and I shall be a lonely, desolate man, a wanderer on the face of the earth, homeless and hopeless. Ah, yes, the dream is over, and yet I never dreamed that Alice Mortimer, the daughter of affluence and luxury, could be the wife of her father's errand boy. Only by her sweet condescension have I learned to rise to a higher station, only to please his child has the rich Mr. Mortimer stooped to raise me from my lowly position, and to give me all I needed in the way of assistance from any one," and here he lifted, proudly, his fine head, and stretched forth his strong arms, "an opportunity to work my own way in life—the money is but lent, and shall soon be returned, please God, and then I shall owe only gratitude. But Alice, oh, Alice," and here his tone fell again, "how can I leave thee forever?"

And so he murmured for hours, striding up and down in the dark street, and so, lying upon that couch, white and still in fearless grief, or pacing the floor in wild anguish, did Alice pass the same time. Only a wall and a few feet of space to divide those loving hearts, between whom a barrier high as Alps, and impregnable as Gibralter, seemed to rear itself, sundering them forever.

Man, by short, determined efforts, may demolish physical obstacles standing in his way to fortune or happiness. But moral obstacles, such as were reared between Ralph Hughson and Alice Mortimer, only time and patience can surmount. Yet had Ralph but known, could he have but looked through the "paper wall" that shut out his knowledge of the heart of Alice, how easy would have seemed the task of annihilating the barriers of wealth and station that separated him from her he loved!

But he went away in ignorance and silent, and so the vital secret remained hidden from hearts that might have gone leaping for joy, but, instead, were weighed down by sadness.

Years rolled on, and while Ralph was toiling uncheered, battling almost hopelessly with a thousand obstacles and disappointments in a foreign land, suitors came flocking to the feet of the rich merchant's daughter, and the incense of adulation was offered freely upon her shrine. One after another her lovers withdrew disappointed of the prize they sought, and Alice still remained unmarried.

Mrs. Mortimer fretted much at this delay. It was her darling wish to see her daughter married to one her equal in wealth and station, but Mr. Mortimer, glad by any chance to keep his only child beside him, was well pleased that it should be so. Having her father for an ally, Alice could well enough resist the importunities of her lovers, and delay her mother's hopes.

Thus passed seven years. Long ere this fortune had smiled on the efforts of Ralph Hughson. He was fast becoming a rich man in the East Indian city which he had chosen for his home. He had returned the loan received from Mr. Mortimer with ample interest and renewed expressions of gratitude, acknowledging himself a debtor far beyond the power of money to repay.

Mrs. Mortimer had sneered, as usual, at Ralph Hughson and his letter. Mr. Mortimer had read it with a merry jest at the failure of his prediction of forgetfulness on the part of his protege, and nevertheless had been well pleased to hear so well of him, and Alice had stolen the letter, and locked it in the secret drawer of her writing-desk, to be read and re-read, and blistered with many tears of mingled joy and bitterness. After this time there seemed a faint gleam of hope to spring up in the heart of Alice.

But at length a suitor presented himself whom all society had pronounced eligible for the most beautiful and wealthiest of the elite of Alice's native city. Passing by all other beauties, he came and bowed himself before her; in a little time his hand and fortune were laid at her feet, and, for the first time, her father added his entreaties to her mother's, that she would accept the offer.

"I am growing old, Alice," Mr. Mortimer said, "and I would fain see you married before I die. Mr. Langley is surely eligible in all respects. His birth and fortune are more than equal to your own, his character is unimpeachable, his person faultless. My daughter, it would please me very much to see you the wife of Herbert Langley."

Alice had never opposed herself to the will of her father. Hopeless, and almost ashamed to acknowledge, even to her own heart, the unsought love she had lavished upon Ralph Hughson, she falsely reasoned that, in pleasing her parents and yielding to the importunities of Mr. Langley, she might add to the happiness of those who truly loved her, and her fate once settled, find peace for her troubled spirit in her new duties.

After many tears and prayers she yielded her assent, accepted Mr. Langley, and tried to believe that she was happy. She saw the joy that beamed upon her lover's face, the pleasure manifested by her parents, and wondered at the strange apathy with which she surrendered herself to the bustle of preparation.

In a few weeks Alice was married. On her return from the bridal tour, her parents and a party of friends met her at her own house. In the course of the evening her father, who was overflowing with hilarity, suddenly called out—

"By the way, Alice, I have a letter from young Hughson, that came while you were away. He was always a favorite of yours, so perhaps you would like to read his letter. Here it is. He says he intends coming home next summer. He has made a pretty fortune, and longs for a sight of his native land once more. But read it for yourself."

Alice took the letter mechanically, but the paper rattled in her trembling hand. She felt the blood rush to her brow and cheek, and then recede, while a deathly faintness stole over her. Looking up, she caught the glitter of her mother's cold gray eyes fixed upon her, and summoning all her strength, she left the room.

She had hoped for a few moments' uninterrupted solitude in her own room, to still the tumult of her thoughts, and accustom herself to the new bitterness that this letter infused into her life. She had sealed her fate just as *he* was coming home, with fortune that would lift him to her social sphere, just as his intellect and worth had long since placed him on the same spiritual plane.

But her mother speedily followed and demanded admittance, and Alice dared not refuse.

"I read your secret long since, Mrs. Langley;" said Mrs. Mortimer, "to-night I expected your indiscretion would have exposed it to others. I excused your sudden paleness on the ground of fatigue, and followed you here to say this: If shame at having given your love unsought to one so far beneath you will not suffice for hiding it from all eyes, let the memory that you are now the wife of another, and that other an honorable man, be sufficient. What before was merely a humiliation, is now a sin. Remember that, Alice, and let this be the last time you disgrace yourself or us."

So saying, without one word of womanly sympathy, Mrs. Mortimer glided away, and left her wretched daughter to compose herself as best she might.

In a little time Mrs. Langley, by that wondrous power of self-control which their fate forces upon some women, was able to subdue all outward manifestation of her feelings, and return to her guests to play the part of courteous hostess and contented wife, until the evening closed.

The months dragged on wearily and heavily, and a secret dread weighed down the spirits of Alice. Often she felt that she should die at the feet of her lover if he returned, and she felt that such a death would be happier far than the life that lay before her. But she was spared the trial she feared. Ralph Hughson did not return.

In his foreign home, with the preparations for his return to his native land already commenced, the news of the marriage of Alice reached him. Then he first comprehended all his high hopes; how he had lived and toiled only with the hour in view when he could return to lay fortune at her feet, and offer her his hand with a knowledge that in station, at least, he was her equal.

Now all was darkness and bitterness. The cup already pressed to his lips was dashed to the ground. Little cared he for home or native land, if Alice were another's. Little recked he for his own future, or the ills or blessings yet lying in the dark realms of fate. He countermanded all his orders, and mechanically went back to the life he had led for the last eight years, burying deep within his crushed heart the secret of his love, and hopes, and dark despair. Everywhere, through the country of his adoption, he was known as the rich merchant, Hughson, but no tidings of him ever reached the friends who yet remained to him, or the one heart that loved him, in his native land.

Twenty years more Ralph Hughson toiled on, leading a lonely, mournful life, but accumulating wealth and honor. He was known as the generous benefactor of struggling genius, as the true friend of all who suffered, or whose poverty shut them out from the career for which they pined. His charities were munificent, his hospitality princely, his benevolence unbounded. Throngs of parasites surrounded him, and followed him forever with their sickening flatteries. A few true friends relieved somewhat the loneliness of his life. But, in spite of all, he was a saddened, disappointed man, to whom, despite wealth and station, the purest joys, the wealth most to be desired, were denied.

At length, wearied of such a life, and more than satisfied with accumulation, he resolved to return home. Gathering up his splendid fortune he sailed, and one winter day, twenty-eight years from that of his departure, he found himself strolling through the streets of his native city.

First of all he sought the home of Mr. Mortimer, the scene of his sad parting. Strangers dwelt there, who knew not the friends of Hughson's youth.

Next he sought the Langleys. Herbert Langley was dead, an old merchant told him, one whom Hughson, remembering as an ancient friend of the family, had sought with inquiries, and he had left his widow and daughters in poverty. Langley was a mere book-worm, the old man said, with a polite sneer; he had invested his own fortune and that of Alice carelessly, and when a great financial crisis came, he, unmindful of its premonitions, made no change. So all was lost, and he died poor and disappointed. Alice was ill now, and her greatest sorrow was that she must leave the tenderly-reared girls, to struggle with the poverty to which they were all unused.

Hughson waited for no more. Obtaining Mrs. Langley's address, he hurried at once to her residence. It was not until he approached the door that he bethought him that, ill as she was, the sudden shock of seeing him might prove fatal, though, be it remembered, he was ignorant of her early love for him. So knocking softly at the door of her lodging, in a large house occupied by many families, he found himself face to face with a beautiful girl, who started back at the sight of a stranger.

Sweet Alice Langley, a little older and more worn than Alice Mortimer when last he looked upon her—yet, strangely like, how Ralph Hughson's heart beat as his eye fell upon her! At once he took her to his heart of hearts, though, in outward phrase, he maintained the calm demeanor of a stranger.

When Alice heard that her old friend was there, she sent for him to her bedside, and in feeble tones welcomed him again to his native land. Both were deeply agitated, and both sought to repress all visible signs of emotion; nevertheless, in that hour their hearts were opened each to the other, and their life-secret was made patent.

No need was there of words; and when, in a few days, Alice breathed her last, her hand lay clasped in his, and a happy smile rested on her face, and thus, forever, parted those who had met and learned their mutual love upon the verge of the grave.

Alice's children became the children of Ralph Hughson; adopted, he told the questioning world, as a slight return for his debt of gratitude to their grandfather, and their mother, welcomed to his home and heart, as they knew, because he had so loved that mother that it was easy to transfer to her children some portion of the fervent devotion with which he had regarded her.

The latter days of Ralph Hughson, spite of the bitter disappointments of his life, were very happy. He was blessed in the genuine affection of these young, grateful hearts, and when he died their hands smoothed his pillow; their voices read to him comforting words from the Book of Life; their eyes, so like those of Alice, so like the angel eyes that seemed looking down upon him from the spheres above, watched him with loving care until the last.

Thus watched and tended his last sigh exhaled, and he went away to dwell with her he had loved, in the mansions of the blessed, to share the beatitudes of the pure in heart, and the merciful.

HEARTS.

BY CLARA SYDNEY

Hearts are of several kinds and of widely different natures. First, there are walled-up hearts; and these are of two kinds: about one kind the wall is high and strong; and to surmount it is a work of extreme difficulty, but if you *can* get inside you have entered Eden. Fragrant, and sweet, and fair, as the visions seen in dreams, is that enclosed garden; and it is *worth* hard labor to gain admission there. The other has a wall as high and strong, and full as hard to get over; and when at last, with torn flesh and dislocated joints, you have scaled it, you wish you hadn't, for there is nothing inside but rocks and cold water. The trouble with these two description of hearts is that 'tis impossible to distinguish the one from the other until you have almost worn yourself out in mounting their walls.

Another kind of heart is that which, having nothing to fence it in, lies open to the passage of all men and cattle; a waste, unfruitful field, of no use to anybody and less to its owner.

But there is another kind of heart—a rare creation, but a real one—whose wall is low and almost hid by flowers. The birds make their nests in it; and sing as they swing upon its swaying twigs and festooning vines. Beyond the wall, itself a thing of fragrance, beauty and joy, lie the enchanting gardens. Delightful bowers invite the way-worn traveler to enter and repose. Spirits of love and beauty beckon the sad and lonely ones to the feast of souls; and a charmed light and glory hover in the whole joyous air. This is the true type of heart. Therein dwelleth the spirit of heaven. To this image should all hearts be fashioned; and then, and not till then, will the Kingdom of Heaven have come on earth.

CURING FAULTS.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Not once in a hundred times does a man cure himself of a deeply-rooted fault by setting himself to watch, waylay, and overthrow it. The battle is generally too much for him; and he will go struggling and groaning through life; being, when the end comes, just about at the point from which he started. And in the wearing, and vexing, and disheartening contest, he will most probably have lost patience, good temper, cheerfulness, and well nigh faith itself. Thus will it generally happen to him whose eyes are forever on himself. A morbid introspection can have no good effect on either heart or life. 'Tis a shocking mistake to desire "a deep view of our own sinfulness;" we ought to pray to be spared all such horrifying and desperate sights; and "forgetting the things that are behind," (sins and all,) "press forward" in the work of actual, not negative, well doing. We must not sit watching at the mouths of caverns for the forthcoming of the monsters lurking there; but be up and doing with our might what our hands can find to do for the cause of our Lord. Filling our hands with our Lord's work, and our hearts with love to him and to our brethren, will *crowd out* and destroy our faults more effectually than all the direct fighting of them that we could do in a life-time. When men have been a long time deprived of wholesome and nutritious food, they break out with sores and ulcers. What is the surest cure for these? Would you plaster the sores, and put salve upon the humors? Would you blister, or cup, or leech, or even expend your skill in striving to heal the running ulcers? Nay, but I tell you all would be vain if you did not *feed* the sufferer. Do *that*—give him plenty of good wholesome food, and your outward application may be all spared. Food will renew and purify the blood; and *pure blood* will work the cure.

Thus it is with the Christian. *Love* is the blood of his soul; let him be filled with that, and all the sores and ulcers of sin will soon disappear. Let him exercise himself daily and hourly with sympathy and love for man, *as man*; not as a *rich* man, or a *gifted* man, or even as a *good* man; but as a *man*, the image of God—the immortal being who is to be happy or miserable forever. Let him keep his heart ever open, his affections ever warm, and his hands ever active in the good cause, and let him regard his Maker as a friend *near* at hand; and love Him as the most tender of fathers, and the Love of God will cleanse him from all unrighteousness.

HISTORY AS A TEACHER OF YOUTH.

To all the deluding enchantments of the world we should oppose a voice that shall make itself heard amid the confusion of dangerous opinions, and disperse all these erroneous prejudices. Youth require a faithful and constant monitor or advocate, if we may use the expression, to plead the cause of truth, honesty, and reason, to point out the mistakes that prevail in the common language of the world, and to lay before them certain rules whereby they may discern them. But who shall this monitor be? The master who has the care of their education? And shall he make set lessons on purpose to instruct them on this? At the very name of lessons they take the alarm, keep themselves upon their guard, and shut their ears to all he can say. To avoid this we should give them masters who are liable to no suspicion or distrust, we must carry them back into other countries and times, and oppose the opinions and the examples of the great men of antiquity, to the false principles and bad examples which mislead the majority of mankind. How different from the taste of the present day are the instances we meet with in ancient history, where we see dictators and consuls taken from the plough! How low in appearance! Yet those hands, grown hard by laboring in the field, supported the tottering state, and saved the commonwealth. Far from solicitously endeavoring to grow rich, they refused the gold that was offered them, and found it more gratifying to command those who were rich, than to possess riches themselves.

History, when properly taught, becomes a school of morality to all mankind. It condemns vice, tears off the mask from pretended virtues, exposes popular errors and prejudices, dispels the delusive charms of riches and vain pomp, which dazzle the imagination, and shows by a thousand examples more effectual than any reasoning, that nothing is great or commendable but honor or probity. The esteem and admiration, which the most corrupt cannot refuse to the great and good actions recorded in history, confirms the important truth, that virtue is man's real good, and alone renders him truly great and valuable. The majority of the most famous conquerors they will find considered as public calamities, as the enemies of mankind, and the plunderers of nations, who, hurried on by a blind and restless ambition, spread desolation from country to country, and, like an inundation or a fire, ravage all before them.

POPULAR BRITISH ERRORS.

That leases are made for 999 years, because a lease for 1000 years would create a freehold. That deeds executed on a Sunday are void. That in order to disinherit an heir-at-law, it is necessery to give him a shilling by the will, for that otherwise he would be entitled to the whole property. That a funeral passing over any place makes it a public highway. That the body of a debtor may be taken in execution after his death. That a man marrying a woman who is in debt, if he takes her from the hands of the priest clothed in a single under garment, will not be liable for her engagements. That those who are born at sea belong to Stepney parish. That second cousins may not marry, though first cousins may. That the husband has the power of divorcing his wife by selling her in open market, with a halter round her neck. That a woman's marrying a man under the gallows will save him from execution. That if a criminal has been hanged and revives, he cannot afterwards be executed. These, and some other fallacies equally absurd, are yet fully believed by many people in Great Britain.

THE ELASTIC EGG.—Take a good and sound egg, place it in strong vinegar, and allow it to remain twelve hours; it will then become soft and elastic. In this state it can be squeezed into a tolerably wide-mouthed bottle; when in, it must be covered with water having some soda dissolved in it. In a few hours this preparation will restore the egg nearly to its original solidity, after which the liquid should be poured off and the bottle dried, keeping it as a curiosity to puzzle one's friends for an explanation how the egg was laid in it.

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THE UTAH TROUBLE.

Months ago, we said our Government was earning a bitter retribution if it did not speedily set about its long neglected duty, and compel the men of Utah to Christian, or at least, civilized decency, and to proper subjection within the Union. It was as notorious then as now, that beside desecrating all the moralities, degrading religion, and blaspheming God, the Mormons had openly defied the territorial laws of the United States, driven Federal officials from their posts, sacked the judicial archives, and plundered the mails. Brigham Young and his Godless crew made boast, as loud as deliberate treason could, that they did not care a snap for Federal authority, and did not mean to submit to it unless it let them have their own way.

Very well, Government kept on its snail-pace, as it generally does in these later times, unless speed is necessary to aid party—and that in the way of office-filling—and now, if reports are to be credited, the men of Utah have either put the correctionary forces sent against them *hors du combat*, or are prepared to do so. Since the Government began anything like an earnest movement to purge the traitorous and rebellious "Saints," it has—by permitting its troops to halt in Kansas and "along the road"—allowed the not-idle Mormon prophet time to collect his forces and intrench himself. From "Carson Valley," and from all the borders, the faithful have gathered at the trumpet-blast of Brigham, bringing cannon and bayonets, and tons of revolvers and powder.

Perhaps the "wise men" at Washington, and elsewhere, fancied the Mormons would be frightened, and succumb at the bare show of force. We never thought so. A body of fanatics who could bear what they bore in Missouri and the migration hence, are not to be put down by a show, nor by threats. They spurn decent Government and orderly society, and are not going to give up their ways short of a sound flogging. Even then they will be more likely to push on into Russian territory—where, it is said, they have secured a claim—than to live decently in the Union. But whether they submit or fly, we trust there will be no backing down of the Government until Utah is purged of treason and its train. If Brigham has got the upper hand, or shall get and keep it for a season, let him have no cause to think the lash is not in near store for his back. A greater miscreant, or a more deluded and abandoned set than he and his Mormons, never polluted the same space of earth.

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"BREAD OR BLOOD."

Such was the fierce motto borne, more than once in former times, on the banners of crowds made desperate by various incitements in capitals and marts of the old world. Crowds they were, at first, of sorrowful people turned from accustomed work, and hence from means of livelihood; but habitual parading and brooding, coupled with the teachings and urgings of bad men—ruffians sometimes, and sometimes demagogues—soon converted them into mad mobs, with whom to reason was folly. Led into excesses, their spoliations seldom or never ceased with satisfying their decent wants, but inflamed with lawless power, they went on riotously, destroying the property of their fellows in very wantonness. Such has been the undeviating history of those who have blazoned the "Bread or Blood" motto, if their spirit was allowed to culminate under their own counsels.

Seldom, if ever, has this baleful motto been seen away from dense communities. In the open country the danger of starvation is never so imminent as to justify the threat of violence, and it is, in our opinion, the imminent danger of starvation, alone, that constitutes a ground for desperate action or resolve. Starvation is one thing, and privation quite another. Not a year nor a day passes over our city without witnessing the bitterest privation—often hidden by the silence of pride—privation only a step short of starvation, and yet it is only in extraordinary times like these, when thousands are added, involuntarily, to the voluntary idlers and vagabonds, that privation is magnified beyond its wont, until bold, bad men, inspired by ready numbers, propose, not as a last, but as the very first resort, to make the cry of "Bread or Blood" a panacea for all the wants of poverty, whether virtuous or vicious.

"We will not starve," say the leaders of the "Bread or Blood" legions; "we are willing to work," and "the world owes us a living," say they also. And further yet, some of them cry, "let the rulers of the land help us." Very well, to starve they ought not, but before they rob and murder, let them be sure they have exhausted every peaceable device for a livelihood. Admit they are willing to work, of what avail is their will if there be no work for them, and it is a truth that the time never was, in recent years, when this city furnished, or could furnish, labor for all the foolish people who would and will cling to the city. By taking advantage of easier times, thousands now suffering from forced idleness might have found better employ where forced idleness seldom or never comes.

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REFLECT.

If, as Solomon has said, "there is a time for everything," this, it strikes us, is the time for us all to reflect in how far our own improvidences have had to do with our "hard times." Let us suppose we are all industrious, hard-working men, some with, and some without families. A few weeks ago, and we were all busied at our various avocations, earning our way more or less comfortably, with no specially disheartening prospect ahead. Thus had we worked for months and years past, plentiful work and fair wages calling for our best activities. So far, all is well; but let us reflect for a moment, and ask ourselves, did we, in all that long period of sunshine and prosperity, practice all the economies due to a simple, frugal, serious manner of life—the manner most noble and manly for working-men? How many of us kept away from the dram-shop, which swallows so much of the "hard earnings" of the poor? How many abjured the costly theatre, of which the poet has truly said:

> "Such scenes
> Are acted there as make the devils blush,
> And angels and righteous men grow pale."

How many have abstained from the noisome "weed," tobacco, which gnaws like a canker at the poor man's purse? How many have turned their faces as flint from the gaming-board, and from roystering with "jolly" companions? In short, how many have lived squarely to the easy Christian standard of "temperance in all things," which would, faithfully followed, render all industrious, honest men, independent. Ah, we fear that many who are suffering now, wasted in the day of prosperity. Sadly did we observe, as one of the recent processions of the unemployed passed us, that scores who were following the banners inscribed with "Bread or Blood," were smoking each the value of a loaf of bread, and when they sacked, in one of the parks, a baker's hand-cart load, was it to appease hunger? Nay, but wantonly, that they might hurl the loaves to and fro. If such be their sense of economy and propriety now, can we hope that it was much better in the days when starvation was unthought of? There is, we fear, a sad want of human-providence among working-folk, and we beseech them to reflect, in this trying time, upon the vast good they could do themselves by living more simply and economically. Only cast aside the useless, vicious habits we have pointed out, and times like these would seldom or never come. Sunshine and prosperity will return again, but they will never be permanent until the toiling masses learn more wisdom and practice more virtue.

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"THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING."

Never was a more vagabond sentiment uttered, than the one we have taken for the subject of this article. The world owes for just what it engages and gets. The Sacred Book says to man, what time has approved, "Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow." To the voluntary idler, and the vagabond, the world owes little but pity and scorn. As to the rulers helping, what are they but the servants of the people, who, if they help must first tax the help out of the people's pockets. Suppose universal society were to sit down or run to and fro and cry, "the world owes us a living," and "let the rulers help us," how long would there be government or means of livelihood among men?

But the wickedest thing of all in connection with this topic is the insolence with which incipient mobs, composed beyond question somewhat of voluntary idlers and of wilfully mischievous men, assail the rights of property, and the characters and safety of its possessors. In our country there is, as a general rule, no surer sign of industry, enterprise, economy, temperance and intelligence, than the possession of independence or competence. The roads to these are equally open to all, and thus far the history of our "fortunate" men will show that those who have climbed highest began on the ladder's lowest round. If many who assail their hard-earned and honestly-gotten wealth, had practiced as many severe virtues, they, too, would have found fortune. She is never so coy as to those who neglect the small steps on her safe highway. It is too much the disposition at all times, and everywhere, for the poor to cry out against the rich—though the latter are the God-appointed bank againt which the former lean in times of trouble and distress. But how wrong to decry the rich, where, as in this country, the poor of to-day are the rich of to-morrow—and *vice versa*.

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AGRARIANISM.

With agrarianism we have no patience. No times or circumstances can commend it. It is the thirst of the idle, the dissipated, the vagabond and the knavish—as well as of the unfortunate—for the possessions of the industrious and accumulative. Divide the riches of the world yearly, or even monthly, on agrarian principles, and ere the next division time came forward, the idle and vagabond would be out of means. Neither have we patience with violence, or threats of violence on the part of the suffering poor. No ultimate good ever came of such a resort. We can deeply sympathize with, and sorrow for the involuntarily idle and distressed. We are always ready to do all we can to allay public or private wretchedness, and such we believe is the spirit of the more fortunate portion of this community. Away then, we say, with "Bread or Blood" banners; away with threats of assault upon property, public or private. Maintain the dignity of men and Christians, and all will yet be well. But above all public enemies, accursed be he or they who stir up brother against brother, and man against man, in times like these.

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"GIFT" PUBLICATIONS.

There are few swindling schemes more contemptible than that of the "gift" publisher. Some man with an enormous appetite for the good things of earth, and utterly devoid of conscience, industry, and capital, issues a startling prospectus for a newspaper, and as an inducement for parties to "send in their subcriptions *in advance*," offers a long list of tempting prizes, or "gifts;" and as there are plenty of fools in this as well as in other countries, the publisher receives many hundreds of dollars from his defrauded victims, which he spends for his personal satisfaction, leaving the subscribers to wait for the reception of their "gift paper"—which never comes to hand—with such patience or impatience as their nature prompts.

In reply to all who have written us in regard to these swindling publications, we would say: Never subscribe for any paper whose publisher offers any "inducements" beyond those contained in the worth, contents, and character of the publication itself.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHILD-ACTORS.

The very thought of such makes me sigh; and the cleverer they are at their parts, the more it distresses me. To see little boys, who should be deep in the mysteries of humming-tops and marbles, strutting their little limbs upon the stage in grown-up attire; pulling up their precocious shirt-collars, and talking about "us men;" uttering threadbare, vulgar, broad witticisms upon "the women;" what a horrible perversion of childhood—what a hot-house forcing of nature! And the little girls, aping the disgusting, bedizened, heartless woman of fashion; of whose existence it were time enough they should know, when they make their debut in the character of matron. Then the trading off these little girls by coarse speculators; the market value of bright eyes—rosy cheeks—polished shoulders, and slender ankles; oh, who that has been a parent can witness an exhibition of child-actors, and not find his or her thoughts straying from the performance, and piercing those children's probable future?—thinking of the irreparable physical wrong done them by late hours, excitement, intense brain stimulation, when their heads should be quietly resting on the dreamless pillow of childhood. Oh, it is a pitiful sight.

Perhaps you reply to me—But they are poor, and they make money by it. Is money to be weighed in the balance with a premature decay of the bodily and mental powers? Can you render those little girls an equivalent for the delicate bloom of childish innocence which your coarse touch has brushed away? Can you repay them for thus rudely stripping off the enfolding leaf, which encloses so much beauty and sweetness, till what time it can bear the garish light and heat, which nature is slowly and silently collecting her forces to sustain? Perhaps you say to me,—Why, these children are the support of their parents! I know of no parent worthy the name who would not endure any amount of suffering rather than so outrage childhood.

Infant prodigies of all kinds, I regard with pitying horror; from the bird, whose eyes are put out to make its song more marvelous, to the big-headed, narrow-chested boy, whose ambitious parents are spurring him on to the undertaker. I see in their perspective only an idiotic middle age, or an early grave. Everything in the natural world rebukes this unwisdom—everything but *childhood* bides its time to expand in blessed healthful unconsciousness; then we see the perfect fruit—the perfect blossom. How much more necessary is this to the susceptible organization of childhood; why plant it in the noisy highway, to be handled, and jostled, and gazed at, and trampled under foot? Why not spread the broad leaf of sheltering love over the little bud in some quiet corner, till by its own sweetness it shall unconsciously announce to an admiring world its perfected existence?

I remember well, some years since, seeing a little violinist step before the midnight foot-lights, with her stiff silken robe and jeweled arms, to amuse an audience who, had they hearts, would have wept to see the pallid, prematurely-old face, the shrunken limbs, and listless air of this wreck of juvenile precocity. Her sprightliest air was like a funeral march to my pained ear. I could scarcely see her for the tears that came between. Oh, I would have taken the cumbrous wreath from that little forehead—the stiff dress from those angular limbs, and drawing over them the loose, white night-robe in which childhood looks so lovely, bade her say her little prayer—then kissed her weary lids to slumber.

An actor's life is weary enough—dangerous enough—when nature has pronounced such men, and women. I know that there are noble examples of those, who have, self-sustained, passed through the fire unscathed, but for His sake who blessed little children, toss them not down in their sweet helplessness before the immolating Juggernaut!

Fanny Fern.

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HE IS A GENIUS.

Is he? Then we fear for him, especially if he is young, and believes it himself! Not that we think "genius," in the proper sense of the word, a misfortune. To the contrary, we consider the possessor of the genuine article most fortunate.

The best definition, we know of, makes "genius" consist of a natural bent of mind, befitting certain persons for particular pursuits, such as one for poetry, another for music, a third for sculpture, a fourth for oratory, &c. We mention these tests because they are familiar, and not because there are none among the less pretending pursuits of every-day, practical life. For there is a "genius" for agriculture—for mechanism—for merchandize—for commerce in all its multiplied bearings. And, as among pursuits which custom has allotted most generally to women, there is not one so humble that "genius" may not manifest itself therein, whether it be in making a loaf of bread or mending a pair of stockings.

And here we do not deny that the various callings named may be followed, with more or less of success, by all persons of sound bodies and minds. We know that they may, where there is a will to have it so. There is a lamentable popular error, on this point, at which this article is aimed.

We know of no greater misfortune, that can befall a young person, than the conceit that he or she is a "genius"—especially a "universal genius"—which is, by the way, a palpable contradiction in terms. This, working with precocity, has blasted the prospects of many a youth who, without any such notion entertained by his friends, might have become an eminently useful man. But, as it was, he proved only a social meteor. He blazed, and expired, to be forgotten, while less pretentious stars, far below the first magnitude, continued to light up the heavens, in fulfilment of the benign destiny of their creation!

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A WORD TO THE HONEST POOR.

Recent examples have shown that the exciters, at least, of "Bread or Blood" demonstrations, look beyond the loaf that would stay their hunger, into the vaults where industry and enterprise, by commerce and by trade, have gathered their gold—gold which is as surely their own, if honestly earned, as though there were not a hungry person on the earth. Like famine and pestilence come these crises in human affairs, defying all human foresight, and not all the riches of the world could, unless human nature were changed, avert them. Any violent maxims, therefore, founded on such crises, are false to the right of property, to the safety of society, and to the dignity of human nature. If the many in want in extraordinary times have the right to sequester the possessions of their fellows, why not the few in want in ordinary times have the same right? The principle is the same, and no numbers can make right that which is ordinarily wrong.

LETTERS.

BY MARY FORREST.

In these days of much writing and saying, much has been written and said about letters. One writer thinks letters are impertinencies and imprudencies; a combustible in the body politic; innocent-looking pop-guns lying in wait at all corners, with something more than a pop in them. Another dotes upon everything in the shape of a letter; treats a dry goods circular and even a tradesman's bill tenderly, for the sake of their brown, comfortable-looking envelopes—and will never *tell* how the fat inclosure from her banker, and the rose-colored *billet-doux* from her lover, make her heart leap.

Another still, who, ostrich-like, imagines a complete incognito with her fine head thrust behind an editorial "we," waxes confident and saucy, and touches up "our correspondents" with a long stick. Letters are her one passion, but she never answers them; and a friend who is not enough of the witch to sit in spiritual person at her elbow, while she reads his glowing epistles—nor so inspired by her spiritual replies as to send his unanswered missives in hot succession to the end of time, is, at best, but a weak and faithless Brutus. Her pedestal of privilege is broad and high, but, for once, she magnanimously stoops from it, and hereby notifies all delinquent specimens of the *genus amicus*, that their letters are received joyfully—opened reverently—paled over—blushed over—wept over—in short, appreciated to such an extent that a response at all adequate is quite out of the question.

A poet, who has evidently indulged in numerous flirtations and caprices, admits the soft impeachment in a sonnet of glowing anathema against letters in general—those tell-tale letters in particular.

> "Tear, scatter, burn, destroy,—but keep them not!
> I hate, I dread those living witnesses
> Of varying self, of good or ill forgot,
> Of altered hopes and withered kindnesses.
> Oh, call not up those shadows of the dead—
> Those visions of the past, that idly blot
> The present with regret for blessings fled;
> This hand that wrote, this ever-turning head,
> This flickering heart is full of chance and change;
> I would not have you watch my weaknesses,
> Nor how my foolish likings roam and range—
> Nor how the mushroom friendships of a day
> Hastened in hot-bed ripeness to decay—
> Nor how to mine own self I grew so strange!"

And thus they write on. Every human heart has its Æolian letter-chord, that clangs, or wails, or murmurs its low sweet music, as the breath upon it be rude, mournful, or tender. Letters are a human need. Our hearts get hungry for them as our physical natures for food. Letters, that are letters, are perfect editions of those we love. They are palpable hand-grasps—quivering kisses—uttered prayers—tangible chidings—blistering tears—beating hearts. They are swift-winged messengers that come to us over land and sea; pure carrier-doves, that do not go forth again, but nestle, a precious possession in our bosoms. Each day we may lift their white wings anew; count and re-count their delicate pinions; joy in the play of their opaline graces. They have been fitly called "our angels." There are, which are no letters, but perversions and abortions; the owls, and bats, and ravens of letter-dom. To this category belong the pop-guns of the suspicious man, whose tirade against letters only proves that his friendships are paltry and shallow, and no white doves ever yet cooed beneath his double-barred waistcoat. I don't write of such.

Letters are a *high* human need. It is easy to cry "O, ye of little faith" to those who say at parting "send us a sign"—but it is not just. God, himself, is our Friend of friends; His holy word, the letter of letters, in our human gift. Who shall say we are doubters and atheists because we count this letter a necessity—a priceless record, to be searched each day for new light and comfort? Yet God had written himself upon the heavens—upon every tree and flower—upon our own souls—with a finger of fire. We should believe in, and worship a Great Unknown, an Eternal First Cause, without any Bible; but the "So I am with thee always," "Come unto me, weary and heavy-laden," "God is Love"—of His evangel, lead us to the very feet of the Mystery:—into sweet communion with a Father and Friend. Because we love and revere Him, do we cherish His Word, and never weary of his God-like endearments. A glorious attribute of love is its great flowing vitality. "I love thee," from the right heart, is always a whole note of heavenly music; yet every repetition rounds, and mellows, and beatifies it.

> ——"Who can fear
> Too many stars, tho' each in heaven shall roll—
> Too many flowers, tho' each shall crown the year?
> Say thou dost love me, love me,—toll
> The silver iterance!—only minding, dear,
> To love me also in silence with thy soul."

Letters are a perpetual I-love-thee. The words need not always to be written—the outsending itself is the proof. He is a poor recipient whose harp-strings throw back no audible echoes. So the miser gathers his gold, and sits down upon his iron-bound chest with a grim content. Whose human souls are so lifted from their humanity that they see no fitness in love's counter-signals, they are beyond the reach of love's ministry. They require no letters. The silence that is enough for them to give, because love is spiritually discerned and absolute, is more than enough for their super-spirituality to receive. These are they who walk with us indeed, but whose heads are out of sight, bathing in the thin air of supernal spheres. These are our abstractions—seers of the unseen—to whom letters are facts, meet only for dull senses, that accept not yet the unworded tokens of empyrean currency. All honor to such. They refine and exalt us. Their persistent steppings—their fastings and transfigurasions—are goodly to look upon. We touch the hems of their garments, and with each contact get a nearer, clearer view of the way they walk in, but we are, most of us, a long remove from the white cloud that opens Heaven to them. We own to human needs and weaknesses—letters in particular. We believe the latter are good gifts, and inasmuch as it is more blessed to give than to receive, the mere recipient defrauds himself. I should no more think of writing day after day to a silent friend, in possession of health and ability to reply, than I should of talking to that friend with no word in response. The recoil of my "Good morning, friend," from the icy silence, mocks me no more than the long-vibrating, dead echoes of my last unhonored—"Yours till death."

Yes, letters are living witnesses. Who cannot abide the record of life's changes *should* "tear, scatter, burn, destroy;" but to some minds these way-marks are an interesting study. They may trace back through strange meanderings, and point out many a folly, but they show us ourselves toiling up to the great and greater light. Eternal friendships formed and outlived, are oft-times only the spontaneous rejections of the soul, developing to higher needs—protestings and rejections over which we have no control. If we have so risen, step by step, to the fine and pure alliances of our best instincts, we have no need to put by the record. We have done well.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Small wits are generally great talkers, uttering whatever comes uppermost; and everything being superficial, their shallowness makes them noisy, and their confidence offensive. The smaller the calibre of the mind, the greater the *bore* of a perpetually open mouth. Human heads are like hogsheads—the emptier they are, the louder report they give of themselves. The clock of their word-mill is heard even when there is no wind to set it going, and no grist to come from it. "I talk a good deal, but I talk well," said an impudent fellow. "*Half* of that is true," replied a gentleman.

Trifles may be not only tolerated but admired when we respect the trifler. Little things are valued when coming from him who can do great things. A distinguished French author maintains that morality in trifles is always the enemy of morality in things of importance; but it is precisely in trivial affairs that a delicate sense of honor and rectitude is most certainly exhibited;—as we throw up a feather and not a stone to ascertain the direction of the wind.

A notorious character in our city hired himself to a steamboat captain, got pay to the amount of a few dollars in advance, and disappeared. Some months afterwards the captain, happening to meet him, cursed him for his roguery. "Stop, Captain," said Jerry: "What was our bargain?" "Why, you were to have twenty dollars a month and found." "Well, did you *find* me, Captain?"

Trials are moral ballast, that often prevents our capsizing. Where we have much to carry, Heaven rarely fails to fit the back to the burthen; where we have nothing to bear, we can seldom bear ourselves. The burthened vessel may be slow in reaching the destined port, but the vessel without ballast is in imminent danger of not reaching it at all.

A particular form of test, that succeeds perfectly well in one instance, may not do at all in others. We must be careful not to fall into mistakes like that of the simple country girl, who, having seen a laundress spit upon a flat-iron, to ascertain if it was too hot, spat in her smoking porridge to see if it would burn her mouth.

Many a truth is like a wolf which we hold by the ears—afraid to let it escape, yet scarcely able to retain it. And why should we let it go, if, without doing any good, it be likely to worry or annoy our neighbor? To promulgate truth with a malicious intention is worse than to infringe it with a benevolent one.

To be tolerant is to be wise enough to have no difference *with* those we differ *from*. The mutual rancor of conflicting sects is often in the inverse ratio of their distance from each other: no one hating a Jew or a Pagan half so much as a fellow Christian who agrees with him in all but one unimportant point.

We can seldom decide in an instant whether we are in danger or not. We have frequently seen persons in railroad cars jerk their heads back in passing objects lest they might break their noses, though the noses could be in no danger unless four or five feet long.

A friend has sent us a fine engraving representing an eminent poet borne upward into the air by an eagle. We never before saw a poet upon the back of an eagle, though we are grieved to confess that we have seen many a one *upon a lark*.

Controversial theology is to religion what law is to justice—a science which darkens by its illustrations, and misses its object by an over anxiety. If truth may be called the sun of religion, controversial theology is, undoubtedly, its jack-o'-lantern.

In a literary circle, some one asked if a certain author, who had wantonly injured his literary reputation, was married. "He is only wedded to his fame," was the answer. "Then he makes a bad husband."

A cotemporary, who seems ambitious of making himself disagreeable, says that we and the truth never meet. The reason simply is that we and the truth are always traveling in the same direction.

A distinguished English novelist has recorded that, in traveling through the United States, he found but one hotel where he was supplied with water enough to wash himself. He must be a dirty fellow, if ever there was one.

"I have no apprehension that the devil will ever come for me," said a youth of questionable morals. "He will not be silly enough to take the trouble," said a by-stander, "for you are going straight to *him*."

Tinder may properly enough be defined as a thin rag—such, for instance, as the dresses of modern ladies, intended to catch the sparks, raise a flame, and light up a match.

We have no objection to tombs, and yet they are but houses built for skeletons—dwellings of sculptured marble, provided for dust and corruption,—monuments to perpetuate the memory of—the forgotten.

A man was shot the other day in New Orleans. One of the papers of that city thinks "he is not dangerous." Unquestionably the man that shot him is a good deal more so.

The tongue is that mysterious membrane that turns thought, and feeling, and fancy into sound. Drink is its oil—eating its drag-chain.

What we lack in natural abilities may usually be made up by industry. A dwarf may keep pace with a giant, if he will but move his legs fast enough.

An Eastern letter-writer informs the readers of a Western paper that "oysters are taken with a rake." In these parts they are usually taken with a fork or a spoon.

Men will always be apt to think the money-market tight if they are in the unfortunate habit of getting so themselves.

In these hard times men should be especially careful in their selection of wives. It is much better to choose one of small *waste* than of small *waist*.

Boys are like railroad cars—oftentimes they can be kept upon the right track only by a right use of switches.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, the Count of Logrono was made prisoner by the Duke of Burgundy. He ransomed his life by the surrender of immense estates, conditioned, however, that they should not be sold, and that after four hundred years they should revert to the heirs of the Count. For this long time the estates have been enjoyed by the heirs of the Duke, and the ultimate rights of the heirs of the Count have been kept in view and recognized. The four hundred years have expired, and the arrangements have been made for the transfer of the property. The heirs of the Duke have offered to pay 20,000,000 (about $5,000,000) for a clear title to the property.

During the excavation of a street in Evansville, Indiana, a few days since, the workmen came across the remains of a cabin, *eighteen* feet below the surface of the earth. This wonderful subterranean house was about twelve feet in length, formed by upright posts set in the ground, and boarded up with split oak puncheons, secured by wooden pins. The posts, puncheons and pins were partially decayed, but still stuck together. Within the walls were found portions of an old-fashioned spinning-wheel, a wooden maul, several pairs of boots and shoes, and the identical charred stick which the former occupants of the house used to punch the fire with.

The Mormons are said to be fortifying the passes leading into their country, and otherwise preparing for a desperate resistance of the United States authorities. They claim to have twenty thousand Indian allies; and it is supposed that it was by their secret instigations that the savages committed the recent atrocities of murdering hundreds of emigrants.

James Sage was shooting at a mark on the door of an out-house at Millpoint, Michigan, a short time since, and his mother having entered it unknown to him, while he had gone into the dwelling-house to load his rifle, he shot her through the heart. She said, "Oh, James!" and immediately expired.

The commission of the crime of murder is fearfully on the increase, more murders having been committed within the last month, than in any previous three months within our recollection. We must have more hanging, if we would have fewer murders.

A number of depraved boys were gaming recently in a lumber-yard on the eastern side of the city, and one of them, named James Larkin, becoming enraged drew a knife and stabbed one of his companions in iniquity, named Michael Diarmid, in the breast, inflicting a fatal wound.

There is now more specie in the vaults of the New York Banks than at any former period. Silver is said to be becoming quite a drug; but if it is, it is certainly not a bad drug to take.

James Ryerson, of Hickory Bend, in this State, was recently killed by a tree falling upon him, that he had just chopped from its stump. His head was crushed into an undistinguishable mass.

A Lady in Brooklyn who was asked for old clothes by a beggar a few days ago, offered him one of her husband's coats, which he refused because it was mended under the arm.

THE TEAR.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

When infant Innocence is griev'd,
And hath not power to say
In words, the import of its wrong,
What giveth utterance way?

When tides of unexpected Joy,
Like mountain-billows come,
What tells the rapture of the heart,
Though speech itself be dumb?

When pent within its secret cell
The agony of grief,
Upheaving, threats exhausted life,
What lends the soul relief?

When Folly in contrition bends,
And seeks a Saviour's love,
What flows in crystal from the eye
To wake the lyres above?

'Twas Mercy's Angel gave the boon
To pilgrim-wanderers here,
And when she shed it o'er the brow,
Call'd the pure gem—*a tear*.

Hartford, Oct. 30th, 1857.

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

OR,

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IMPORTANT OPERATIONS.

Friday evening came, and the clouds, which had been hanging over the valley all the day long, began to empty upon the earth a cold, disagreeable drizzle. It was too heavy for mist, and too light for rain; but it clung to the spot whereon it fell with a chilling pertinacity, and a quality of gathering to itself from the continually dropping mass, that soon saturated anything not impervious to wet. And this state of the atmosphere made it very dark too. Men moved along in the road with careful steps, and when they came to narrow paths, their hands must feel out the way ere the feet dared move on. It was, in fact, so utterly dark that a man could not see his own hand when held two feet from him.

Yet the Tories forgot not their appointment. They rather liked the darkness, though they might readily have dispensed with the wet. At half-past eight Mr. Magoon and his guests set out, this time following the main road as far as it led them on their way, for there was no need of extra concealment, the impenetrable curtain of the night completely hiding them even each from the other.

"Father!" whispers Guy.

"Here!" returns papa.

"All right!" adds Philip.

And so they go, gliding along through the darkness as through something that had to be separated ere they could penetrate it, ever and anon hailing as before, when they lost the sound of each other's footsteps. At length they reached the ledge, and having answered the challenge of the sentinel there, they passed in.

When the hour for business had arrived, it was found that seventy-one men were present beside the Red Eagle, eleven having been added since the last meeting. Mr. Bank Fuller presided, as before. Various reports were made, and then preparations were made for distributing the arms, which stood in one corner, the bright mountings gleaming in the lamp-light like many eyes of fire, gazing out from the dark recess.

Three men were called upon by the president to take their stations by the arms, to deliver them as the applicants came up. Then Fuller took the list, or roll, of the company, and called three names in succession; the men bearing said names went to the armory, and were furnished each with a musket, bayonet, belt, cartridge-box, and canteen. They then fell back, and three more names were called; and so on until all present, save Bradbrook and son, Philip, Mr. Magoon, and the chairman, had been armed and equipped. They were informed that their uniforms would be furnished at Johnstown.

"And now," said Fuller, addressing the company, "we must march at once for Johnstown. You have all settled your business, and the sooner you find active service the sooner you will begin to gain the chances of promotion."

At this time a noise was heard in the direction of the entrance, and the chairman sent to ascertain the cause. The messenger soon returned, and reported that all was right. The sentinel at the outer post had only fallen over the rocks. Order was restored, and the business quickly closed up.

It was now a few minutes past eleven, and the company were ordered to form in double file, and prepare to march out. This time Mr. Fuller went out first. He had reached the space between the boulder and the ledge when a blow upon the head laid him low, and his body was dragged out of the way before those who came behind could see what had become of him.

The Tories were under a great disadvantage. Having come directly from a glare of artificial light, the pupils of their eyes were so much contracted that they could not see at all in the outer darkness into which they were moving.

A dozen of the Patriots, with Jocko perched upon a shelf directly over the entrance, stood by ready to receive the Tories as they came out, and it was not until sixteen of them had been knocked senseless that any alarm was given. The passage of the fissure was so narrow that they were obliged to fall into single file as they came through, and the heavy club of Jocko had done most of the work—he knocking them down, and the others snatching the bodies away into the hands of those who gagged and bound them. But as the sixteenth man fell, the one who came behind him heard the blow, and saw several dark forms spring across the opening.

"*Treachery! Betrayed!*" he cried, starting back, and knocking over two men who stood behind him.

Quick as lightning Jocko leaped down from his perch, and whispered to the men who stood around, but more particularly to Captain Grover, who commanded the expedition.

"Dey's all in a muss now! Ef ye jump rite in dey wont know whar ye come from! Golly gosh! Dey's our'n!"

Grover had thought the same thing, though he might have pondered longer upon it had not Jocko spoken. Yet an idea flashed upon his mind which was of benefit to him.

"In! In!" he shouted. "In, every man of you! There's treachery here! Back into the cave as quickly as possible! We can defend ourselves against an army there!"

Now every Patriot knew that voice in an instant, while the Tories, not having heard half their number speak aloud, thought of course that the order came from one of their own party.

"In! In!" repeated the captain, making a rush for the fissure, through which the frightened Tories were pushing and jamming in wild disorder, some of them prostrate, with their companions trampling over them.

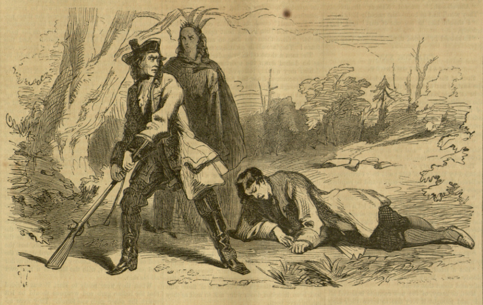
Grover was the first of his party to reach the cave, and Jocko followed next. Five more of the Tories had been dragged out from the passage and secured, and the Patriots now had nothing to do but to hurry for the cave. One of their number, more thoughtful than the rest, had obtained a lighted lantern, and with this he took his station by the aperture which led to the cave, thus enabling his friends to make their way in without much trouble.

In two minutes after the captain had gained the cavern more than two-thirds of his men were with him. He and Jocko had commenced to beat the Tories back, and as others of the Patriots came in they joined in the work, so that there was no opposition to their entrance. Had the entrapped Loyalists known just what had happened, two or three of them could have prevented the entrance of a single live foe; but they knew not how the matter stood. They had supposed that there were a score more of their fellows to come in.

Nathan Bradbrook, as soon as he saw how matters stood, in a fit of frenzy, ordered all the lights to be put out. His order was obeyed, but he missed his purpose. The Patriots had not come upon such an errand, upon such a night, without the means of seeing upon a pinch.

"Lanterns! lanterns!" shouted Grover; and in a moment more the beams from a dozen small pocket-lanterns flashed upon the astounded, terror-stricken Tories.

"Will you surrender?" cried the Patriot captain.



GUY BRADBROOK STRIKES A BLOW THAT MAY COST HIM DEAR.

What could they do? Not over a dozen of them had arms, for none of the guns were loaded, nor were there any flints in the yet unused locks. The owners of the cavern had all retreated into the corner where the muskets had been stacked, and some sixty cocked pistols were aimed at them, ready to shower the leaden hail of death upon them at an instant's notice.

"What can we do?" asked the elder Bradbrook of the Red Eagle.

"I don't know. Only I'd like to know the traitor!" returned Philip.

"Aha-a-ha!" gasped the old Tory: "So should I!"

"We must surrender," said Guy.

"Yes. We have no choice," added Fuller.

"*I surrender!*" "And I!" "And I!" And so on, till a score of them cried out in concert—"*And I!*"

Nothing was now left for the others but to do likewise; so the captured Tories were marched forward, and their hands bound behind them; and when they had been conducted into the open air, they were lashed together by the elbows in couples, and then arranged for marching.

There were sixty-seven prisoners in all, four of the Tories having been killed—three in the fissure, and one within the cave. Nathan Bradbrook and the Red Eagle were lashed together, while Master Guy had Bank Fuller for a fellow. All was soon in readiness, and thus they were marched off. There were curses loud and deep, and more than one of the prisoners wished he could know the traitor.

"I can tell you who was the traitor," said a guard who walked by Bradbrook's side.

"Ha! Who?" quickly returned the old man.

"Mr. Bank Fuller made himself a traitor when he didn't know it. His steps have been dogged for a week, and he has been seen to enter that cave twice by one of our men. So your game of raising Tories is up, old fellow."

"Curses on you!" Bradbrook hissed, with the help of a few oaths which we will not transcribe.

"I know the sneakin' villain who watched me!" said Fuller, who had overheard the conversation. "He was a little, weezen-faced, sharp-nosed hunter. I know him; and I may see him one of these days."

Master Bank Fuller alluded to Jack Winters. He had been sorry that he had not detained the man ever since they separated, for he suspected him of being a spy then. But 'twas too late now. The work was done, and the catastrophe could not be recalled.

The party reached the fort at half-past three in the morning, and the prisoners were at once placed in the large guard-room, where blankets were spread for them to lie upon. Col. Willett himself had come to superintend the arrangement of the captured Tories, and he seemed much pleased with the success of the adventure.

In one corner of the room was a door, which opened upon a covered stoop that led to the stables, and against this door Willett was careful to have the Red Eagle placed. Next to him was Nathan Bradbrook, and next Guy. As soon as all was arranged, a guard was posted, and the colonel withdrew. In half an hour they were all asleep save the *red man*. Nathan Bradbrook had lain awake as long as he could, but age made him more susceptible to the influence of fatigue than was his dusky companion, and he finally succumbed to the drowsy spirit. The red man waited until he was sure those immediately about him slept, and then he raised his forefinger to his brow, and held it there a few moments.

Ere long after this the door by Philip's side was noiselessly opened, and a woolly head was introduced, not over a foot from the floor.

"Mas'r!"

"I'm awake, Jocko."

"De colonel says send any message by me; and then we'll fix for you to git away."

"Listen!" whispered our hero, moving his own head outside the door, after the negro had withdrawn, so that he might not be heard so easily: "Ten miles below the Flats there is Gammon's settlement. A band of Tories is organized there, and seventy-nine of them met on Thursday night. They meet again on Monday night, to distribute arms. As soon as I shall make my escape from here I shall go there. You can easily know Peter Gammon's house. It is the largest in the place. I shall be there. Have Captain Grover, or whoever the colonel chooses to send, with his men, concealed in the wood to the south-west of the settlement, as the place of meeting is very near due south. You must follow me from Gammon's residence; and that I may know if all is right, do you give the cry of the whip-poor-will three times in succession, and then repeat. You will follow me to a hut in the woods, and as I pass through a shed in the rear, do you immediately make for the rear of the barn. You will there see me disappear in the side of a bank."

Our hero then explained the nature of the subterranean chamber, describing the mode of entrance and the size of the passage-way, etc. Then he added:

"You know all now. On Monday night, remember, at eight o'clock, you must be near Gammon's house. Earlier would do no harm. And, by the way, as there may be whip-poor-wills around on that night, do you follow your repeated cry with the chirp of a cricket. I shall hear it. Now get ready for my escape. Have the colonel ready as soon as you can."

Jocko quickly cast off the lashings from his master's feet and wrists, for the prisoners had all been secured at the ankles upon reaching the guard-room, and then gave him a stout knife. As soon as this was done he disappeared, leaving the door ajar after him.

There were two sentinels in the guard-room, one at each end, and it had been found necessary to admit one of them to the secret of Philip's disguise. Consequently a trusty, stern-virtued man had been placed at the end of the room which Philip occupied, and the secret entrusted to him; while for the other post the colonel had selected a man who had been out on duty all the previous night, and had had no sleep for many hours.

Shortly after the negro went away Colonel Willett entered the guard-room.

"How is it, Jones, do you feel sleepy?" he asked of the fatigued sentinel.

"Yes sir," replied the latter, forgetting to touch his hat. "I can hardly keep my eyes open."

"Well—I should think one man might do here. How is it, Mercer?"

"I can do it, sir, I think," the other sentry answered.

"Then you may go, Jones. I did not think how you had worked when I put you on here; or, if I did, I did not consider as I might."

Jones was very thankful, and made his way from the guard-room as soon as possible. The colonel gazed about a while, and then left. In a moment more Jocko's head again appeared within the rear door-way.

"Don't mind de sentry," he whispered; "he wont see ye. De way's all clar to de sally-port. Cut an' run wid dem two Tories jus' as quick as ye please."

As soon as Jocko was gone Philip punched Nathan Bradbrook in the side and awoke him.

"—sh! I've got my bonds off, and found a knife, and I've got this door open, too!"

"Ha!——"

"Not so loud," interposed our hero, as the drowsy man commenced to speak. "Make no noise, and we may escape. Awaken Guy as carefully as you can."

"Cut my lashings off first," said the old man.

Philip cut the stout cords, and the father then aroused his son, and cautioned him to silence.

"Wont we wake up some more?" he asked, as soon as Guy was awake.

"No, no. We shall be discovered if we do. I would not go without you, but we must take no more."

Nathan was perfectly satisfied, for he cared little about the personal welfare of any of his recruits. If he could get free, with his son, he cared for little else.

As soon as Guy was awake, the old man took the knife and cut his lashings, and while this was being done Philip felt a touch upon his side. He put out his hand, and a slip of paper was put into it. The youth quickly turned over, and was able to hold the slip in a light strong enough to reveal the writing, and at the same time in a position hidden from his neighbor. He read the following comprehensive sentence:

"Take the down path by the river. We shall send pursuers up!"

Philip put the paper into his mouth, and then turned towards Bradbrook.

The sentinel was now at the further end of the room, and leaning over a desk, with his back towards the wakeful ones, as though asleep.

"Are you ready?" the Red Eagle asked.

"Yes," answered the father, and

"Yes," answered the son.

"Then—sh!—follow me. For your lives, now, make no noise. Keep close.—Come!"

Thus speaking Philip crept out of the open door, and when Guy was out he closed it. Then he crept, still upon his hands and knees, along under the shade of the guard-house to the northern barracks, and from here to the adjoining bastion. The sally-port was only a few feet further on, but a sentinel stood there, with his musket under his arm. At this juncture a man was seen approaching the port from the opposite direction.

"Who comes here?" demanded the guard, of the advancing figure.

"Commandant," replied the other.

"Advance, commandant, and give the countersign!"

The man advanced and said—"*Stillwater!*" and the sentry returned, "Countersign's correct. Pass!"

"Sentry," said the colonel, as he advanced to the port, "look this way a moment—here, up on the parapet. Can you make out that light off there?"

"That?" returned the soldier, gazing off to where there was a glimmer through the trees. "No, sir."

"Pooh!" uttered Willett, in seeming chagrin: "Upon my soul, I believe it's only a star! That's all, as sure as the world. I've been watching it for the last five or ten minutes, as it gleamed among the trees, and I thought it might be an Indian encampment in that direction. Ha, ha, ha,—only a star!"

And while the sentinel had been helping his commander look at a star, the three loose prisoners had escaped.

Ten minutes later a cry of alarm arose from the guard-room. *Three prisoners had escaped!*

"They went to the west!" cried the colonel. "Up the river! Up the river!" he added, as the soldiers began to come out. "Take both sides of the river, some of you, while others follow the lake-road to the west! We'll have them!"

Ere long three separate parties had started out, and they took the three courses designated by the commandant.

Ambrose Mercer was relieved and put in irons, and a sentinel placed over him. He was prepared for it, for he knew full well that this was a part of the duty he had agreed to perform. He had the commendation and gratitude of his brave commandant, and he cared little for the temporary opinions of others.

"Gone!" growled Master Bank Fuller, raising himself upon his elbow: "Nathan Bradbrook gone, and didn't take me! By the heavens above me, I'll never forgive him. He could take that red-skin savage, but couldn't take me! Never mind—I'll be even with him!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

A VISIT.—GUY TREADS ON SOMETHING WHICH MAY AT SOME TIME STING HIM.

"Ha? There's the alarm!" cried Nathan Bradbrook, as the loud din of confusion reached the fugitives from the fort.

"We must trust to our heels," returned the Red Eagle. "But be under no fear, for I know these woods as you know your own house. I can lead you to places where they'll be sure not to find us. Come on. We'll keep the road until we have cause to leave it."

The two Tories followed on with quickened steps, and ere long, as they heard no sound of pursuit, they became quite easy.

"They have taken the upper route," said Philip, stopping, and placing his ear to the ground. "I can hear them plainly. There are a great many of them. Some have taken one side of the river, and some the other!"

"But why don't they send this way, too?" queried the old man.

"They must have seen something that led them the other way—something that made them sure," returned the Red Eagle. "It is not improbable that some of the others may have got off."

"That's a fact. Egad, Fuller's a keen one. He may have gone."

Pretty soon Nathan wondered if the Rebels had got any clue to their other place of rendezvous.

"O, no—of course not. That fellow who tracked Fuller went no further down. However, we'll take every precaution on Monday night."

As the day broke, the three fugitives were within sight of the Flats, and after a short consultation, it was decided that they should avoid the settlement, which was accordingly done by passing around through a piece of woods. They had gone a mile further when they saw a party of four Indians coming towards them. They were Mohawks, and seemed to be in a hurry. Philip felt uneasy, for now was coming a decisive trial of the worth of his disguise. The savages came nearer, and our hero recognized two of them as men who had stopped at his father's house some six months before.

As the red men came up they recognized Kanadandagea, and bounded forward to embrace him.

"Little Fox!" he cried, embracing one whom he knew. And "Black Bear!" he added, as he embraced the second. As he turned to the third, he said, "My brother!" and to the fourth he applied the term, "My brave warrior!"

The Indians were vastly pleased at being thus warmly met by the noble chief of the Red Eagle, and they openly expressed their love and gratitude. They said they had thought him dead, or in prison, and for a comprehensive answer, he said—

"I have been in prison, but have escaped. I have been held a prisoner over in the Rebel fort just above here."

As this was spoken in the Mohawk tongue, of course the two Tories understood it not, and it saved our hero the trouble of explaining his absence in any other manner.

"Ah—say," cried the old Tory, "have you heard or seen anything of Big Mountain Ash of late?"

"Ugh!" replied one of the red men, shaking his head sadly. "Me been down below to see 'bout him. War-chief—Mountain Ash—gone home to the Great Spirit!"

"What? Gone home?" gasped Bradbrook, trembling. "Do you mean that he is dead?"

"Yes—ugh!"

"But how?—when?"

"When the last moon was going—many days ago—he—his whole party of braves—all killed in the woods!"

"But *when—where?*" cried the excited man, Guy standing in trembling silence, while his father put the questions.

"We find 'em—one—two—three—five—seven days ago in the little glen—the rocky vale—by the lake. They were killed in that place, and we think on the day before."

"On the day before?" said the Red Eagle, with seeming thoughtfulness. "That would be on Friday—the very day I met him."

"Aye—the very day!" gasped the old Tory; "the very day. But," he added, turning to the Indian, "did you see anything of a prisoner the Big Ash had—a young white man?"

"No. If he had any prisoner, he lost him, for the men from the fort did the work."

"Curses on the luck!" exclaimed Guy, giving way now to his feelings. "The infernal villain is with Isabel, and they are telling their accursed love without let or hindrance. By the Holy One above me, I swear: I'll have that girl from the fort if it costs me my life! She shall come to me—come if she comes a corse! She shall come if she wades through blood to her ankles! I'll have her, though endless perdition were the price I must pay!"

"It is a foul wrong that has been done to the boy," explained the old man, as the Indians gazed wonderingly after the youth.

The red men were in a hurry, and with a simple "good by," Nathan also turned away.

"One moment," said Philip, speaking in the Mohawk tongue; "what business have you on hand now?"

"We are carrying a message to our chief—the Great Fox."

"What is it?"

"For him to gather his men, and be ready to meet the great war-chief, Brant."

"How many men can my brother Great Fox raise?"

"One hundred and fifty?"

"And where will they meet?"

"On the lake shore, at the Black Bluffs."

"When?"

"They must meet when the moon is so," replied the spokesman, holding up his hand, and crooking his fore-finger upward.

Philip thought a moment. He knew that the sign alluded to the moon's first quarter, and presently he remembered that that event would transpire on Friday of the following week.

"At what time will they meet?"

"With the sun so." Pointing to the meridian.

"Very good. I should like to be there, but I cannot, for I must take my men to Johnstown."

"O—we shall go to Johnstown right off after that. Brant is to be there."

Aha! That was news indeed. And news worth having, too. Philip bade the red men good-by, and then followed on after his companions. When he overtook them, he found them engaged in an earnest conversation, but which was stopped as soon as he came up, and for a long distance the trio walked on in silence. In fact, nothing more of consequence was said until they reached the dwelling of Master Peter Gammon, which individual they found at home.

The events of the past night were told over a generous breakfast, and after due deliberation, it was resolved that the rest of the band should know nothing of the mishap which had befallen their friends above them. Only Master Sam Dowder—he was informed; for he made his appearance at the house shortly after breakfast, and as the subject could not be well discussed in his presence without his understanding something of it, he was straightway informed of all that had transpired. He joined with the others in wishing it kept from the company.

"Why," said he, "there's one-third of 'em wouldn't come a'nigh the hole, if they know'd the fate of them poor chaps at the Flats. But let me just tell ye that there ain't no such luck in store for us. Mr. Bank Fuller ain't the brightest man that ever was. By the great Jerusalem, I'd rather trust Zeb. Beebe this minute. Fuller let that Rebel hunter pump him dry, I 'spect. At any rate, it's just like him. But there ain't been no Rebel spy around here, now I can tell you. If they kin git ahead of Sam Dowder, they're welcome. That's all I've got to say."

And, in accordance with this latter assertion, Master Sam Dowder tipped himself back in his chair to keep silence, and digest the wondrous opinion he held of himself.

As it was now only Saturday morning, and three days were to pass before the next meeting of the Tories, Mr. Bradbrook resolved to ride home and spend the Sabbath. Johnstown was distant only twenty-eight miles, and Bradbrook's place only three miles beyond that. Guy was earnest to go, and the Red Eagle was invited to bear them company.

Our hero pondered upon this invitation ere he accepted it. His only objection was: Could there be any danger of his being detected? He knew that nothing but an acid could remove the color from his skin, and then he knew that he had got his voice under such subjection now that there was no danger from that source. At first the effort of deepening his tones had produced an unpleasant titillation in the throat; but that had passed off, and there was no trouble at all. He could converse an hour in a key a fifth lower than his natural tone without inconvenience. So he finally resolved to accept the invitation, for he would be very lonesome should he remain there, and then he might learn something of value if he went.

Good horses were procured, and at ten o'clock they set out. They took a late dinner in Johnstown, and arrived at their destination about four o'clock. Zebulon Beebe unrolled his slab-like body from among some weeds by a fence as the trio rode up, and came wabbling forward to take the horses, for since the departure of the host for scenes of war, Zebulon had been installed into the office of general overseer of the premises, and protecter of the women.

"Here, you ungainly heathen!" snapped Guy. "What ye doin' stowed away in them weeds? Goin' to hatch out a litter of geese, eh?"

"Reckon as how't I mout hatch out sumth'n one o' these days, ef I should set long enough," replied Zeb, with a quaint look. Guy thought it was a very funny look, but Philip Lancey, who had watched the fellow closely, saw a demon's look in those little, sunken, green eyes.

"Don't be impudent, dog!" cried Guy, for his temper had been none of the sweetest since early morning.

"Be I impudent?"

"Yes, you were. When I speak, do you obey!"

"Yaas, me lord Guy, of Rathole in the bank!" the man returned, with a quiet grin on his face.

"I'll *lord Guy* ye, you scoundrel! Take that!" And as the young man spoke, he dealt a blow upon the fellow's ear that came nigh knocking him over.

"Thank ye, my master!" spoke Zebulon Beebe, as he recovered from the shock. And there was a smile upon his face as he spoke.

"Poor fool!" muttered Guy, as he turned towards the house.

"Ah!" thought Philip to himself, who had seen the devil that lurked beneath the man's smile, "if you think you abuse that person with impunity, 'tis you who are the '*poor fool!*'"

The residence of Nathan Bradbrook was a fine one for the time, and his land was rich and productive, and he owned a large tract. Had it not been for his expensive manner of living, his looseness in business and his habits of dissipation, he might have accumulated wealth upon his farm. His family consisted of himself and son; three female domestics and four males, not including Zebulon Beebe, who had a cot of his own on the place.

During the next day Philip looked about the farm and read some, while Guy spent most of the Sabbath in shooting birds in the wood. When he had got his game-bag out, he held it towards Zebulon, and bade him take it, and come along to bag the game. But the man flatly refused. He said he would not help in such sport on the Lord's day for any living man.

"Take the bag, and come along!" cried Guy, in a passion, again holding it towards him.

"If you was king of England I wouldn't do it! Can ye understand that?" replied Zeb, at the same time turning away. "I won't break God's law for no——"

His sentence was cut short by a blow upon the head with Guy's musket-stock, and as he fell upon the ground, with the blood trickling down his freckled cheek, the young tyrant uttered—

"Hope it has killed the scoundrel!"

Philip struggled with himself a moment; but he knew it was not safe for him to remain in the presence of the ugly scamp, so he quickly turned and went into the house. It was with the utmost exertion of his will that he kept his clenched fist from Guy's head, and full well he knew that if he remained, he should say something which would make his own position unsafe.

Beebe arose from the ground, and even through the blood that now bedabbled his face, that old smile broke forth; but it looked more demoniac now than ever before. He said not a word, nor was there apparent any unwonted working of his muscular system, only that terrible smile remained. It followed Guy from the place, and it rested upon him while he was in sight, and when he was hidden in the woods, the stricken, bleeding man slowly raised his right hand towards Heaven, and the smile gave place to an iron look, and with that extended fore-finger he seemed to write an oath upon the eternal vault above him! Slowly he let his hand fall, and then strode away to his own cot.

Zebulon Beebe was poor, and he was simple; and when Nathan Bradbrook first gave him a cot to live in, and a spot of land to cultivate, on condition that he would work one half the time for him, the poor fellow was very grateful, and did all in his power to please his patron and his son. As time passed on, the land-owner found how yielding Zebulon was, and he took advantage of it. He made him work on the great farm more than half the time, and imposed upon him in other ways. This had gone on, until now the old Tory gave him a scanty subsistence, and claimed all his work. Zebulon bore his cross, and they even took another advantage: The native ugliness and temper which they had to spit out upon some one, they heaped upon him, as we have seen. And he bore this, too; but he bore it as the iron powder-flask bears heat. Beyond a certain point an explosion must take place!

But men who have long been used to trampling upon their kind do not realize what a change they may be working in their victims. Kings have learned it only under the assassin's knife, and masters have discovered it only when the flaming brand and the midnight yell tell of insurrection and death!

Nathan Bradbrook and his son lived on and oppressed their kind, nor dreamt that the poor, inoffensive-looking beings could contain a well-digested thought of revenge.

Guy had his Sunday-shooting, and brought home a few birds. The host visited some of his neighbors, and did some business, while Philip, with his savage guise effectually hiding his true character, moved at will about the premises.

After a late breakfast, on Monday morning, the trio started back for Gammon's settlement, which they reached in the middle of the afternoon; and having given up their horses, and settled for the use of them, they repaired to the residence of Peter Gammon, where they found Dowder engaged in making a duplicate muster-roll of his company.

Scouts had been out in all directions, but no signs of spies were to be seen. All was safe, Dowder *knew*.

Evening came, and the Tories began to gather at their secret rendezvous. At half-past eight Mr. Gammon and his guests started. The night was calm and serene, and the stars all out, and the new moon was just disappearing beyond the distant trees, her light being, as yet, of but little consequence.

At the distance of a quarter of a mile from Gammon's residence, the party came to a copse of wood, by the side of which the path ran; and as they were passing, the clear, sharp notes of a whip-poor-will came breaking sweetly through the air. It sounded three times, and then there was a slight pause.

"What a soft note that bird has," remarked the old man.

"Yes," responded our hero; and as he spoke the same notes came piping on again.

"Ha!" laughed Guy. "Hear that little cricket! He thinks to outdo the whip-poor-will."

The bright chirrup of the cricket had come distinctly and clearly, and Philip heard it with a peculiar gratification, which his companions knew nothing of.

And when he at length entered the secret passage that opened into the subterranean chamber, he knew that faithful eyes were upon his every movement. And he felt assured, too, that a friendly host of waiting Patriots was not far distant.

"Aha-ah-a-ah!" uttered Nathan Bradbrook. "They won't find us here—the rascally Rebels!"

"I should like to see one of em!" said Guy, bravely.

"So should I!" added the Red Eagle, very quietly.

CHAPTER XXV.

FAIR EXCHANGES.

Even at the present meeting it was resolved by the leaders not to inform the company of the capture of their companions further up the river, for the recruits were not safely enrolled yet, and many of them had been given to understand that the rebels had no sort of force or genius, and that the mere appearance of a company of armed tories would put to flight a whole army of them.

"They are in the wrong, and they feel it," said Nathan Bradbrook, "and the majestic name of the KING makes them tremble!"

There were plenty of men simple enough to be deluded by this sort of talk; and they furthermore believed that their presence only would be required upon the field.

"A man without arms would not, of course, be feared," explained the old tory, "but let a brigade of our royalist troops make their appearance upon the field, and the rebels will run like frightened sheep."

Some one had the temerity to ask how it was at ORISKANY.

"The rebels fled like so many women!" promptly returned Bradbrook.

"But a band of treacherous Indians did some bloody work. Many of our friends have been misinformed about that event."

Most, or many, of the new recruits believed all this, and thought it very fine to serve their king under arms, and finer still would it be when they should become officers and wear epaulets.

The business progressed, and finally the arms and accoutrements were distributed. When this was done, the men were formed in order of march, and the meeting dissolved, for they were to march direct for the head-quarters at Johnstown that night.

Meanwhile, important movements were going on without. Jocko had followed his master to the place, and seen him disappear within the bank. Then he had joined Capt. Grover, who, with one hundred men, lay in waiting just within the wood to the westward. When the negro had informed the captain of this, he proposed to return and overcome the sentinel at the entrance of the secret chamber.

"When I make him fast I'll open my lantern, an' turn de bull's-eye towart ye."

With this arrangement Jocko secured the little flat lantern in his bosom, and then started for the old barn, which he reached upon the front side.

The grass and weeds grew tall and rank over the whole area from the barn to the edge of the bank, and the negro believed he could approach through them without giving any alarm. In case his movement should be detected, however, he had a favorable resort. He had heard a dog somewhere about the premises, and he could easily assume that character. Perhaps the dog might attack him, but in that case his only fear would be of giving an alarm; for, with his trusty knife, he could quickly dispose of any dog which might have the courage to approach him.

But there proved to be no need of this ruse, for the grass and weeds were sufficient. With a noiseless movement he glided through the dead mass upon his belly, and reached a point within a yard of the edge of the bank without danger. These weeds continued on down the slope, and having taken an observation, Jocko moved further on. When he arrived at the brow he found the sentinel gazing off towards the woods.

"What's that, I wonder?" the sentry said to himself, with his hand over his eyes so as to shade them. "By the king's great seal, I'm sure there's men there!"

"There is, eh?" muttered Jocko; and as he spoke he gave a cat-like leap, alighting upon the fellow's back, with both his great swart hands over his mouth. To pull him over backward and draw a thick bandage over his lips was the work of a moment; and when the bandage was fast, he lifted the sentry up, twisted his arms around behind him, and then run him off some rods, where he lashed and left him. After this he opened his lantern, and turned the gleaming bull's-eye toward the wood.

In ten minutes more, Grover arrived upon the ground, with his men close behind him. Part of them were arranged in the tall grass above the bank, while the rest took their stations upon either side of the entrance to the cavern, but standing so far back that they could not be seen by a man coming from the underground chamber until he had reached the level ground. One man, upon whom was put the cap and coat of the fallen sentry, was placed on guard over the entrance, and thus they awaited the *denouement*.

Half-an-hour passed away and it was past eleven, when a man put his head out from the aperture in the bank, and asked—

"Is all safe?"

"All right!" replied the false sentinel, promptly.

"And the coast clear?"

"Yes!"

"Then we'll march out."

With this the man disappeared, and ere many moments a man with a musket in his hand came out from the passage. He was knocked down and secured. Another came, and he shared the same fate. The tall grass which served to hide the entrance to the subterranean chamber also served to hide from the man who was coming out the fate of his predecessor. And then the Tories came from quite a strong light, so that it was some seconds after they had gained the outer gloom ere they could see at all. With these circumstances in their favor, the Patriots succeeded in disposing of twenty-three tories, some of whom had been knocked down, while others simply had bags thrown over their heads, and thus drawn back.

"Do you suppose any of those fellows would think of such a thing as running away with their arms?" queried Peter Gammon, as the men were filing out, one by one.

"O—I think not," replied Dowder. "No. They're all true."

"Yet you'd better hurry up and keep your eye on them," remarked Bradbrook.

To this Dowder agreed, and accordingly pressed forward and attempted to make his way up; but a man had crowded in before him, and he was forced to jam his way through, which he had partly accomplished when he saw the fellow, who had made out to get a little ahead of him, tip over from a blow on the head, and on the next instant two dark persons dragged the fallen man away. Samuel Dowder tried with all his might to force his way back, but his hesitation had allowed a crowd to gather behind him, and they lifted him forward in spite of his efforts to the contrary.

"*Murder! Treason! Reb——*"

So far had Master Dowder cried at the top of his voice, when a blow upon the head laid him low and speechless. But the spark had taken—the alarm was given. Those who had crowded into the aperture quickly crowded the other way, and consternation seized them.

"Forward!" cried the Patriot captain, whose quick eye had been keenly bent upon this movement. "Give them no time to arrange for defence! They are all in confusion now!"

The men understood their leader's meaning, and as he dashed down the aperture with his sword drawn they quickly followed him, so that ere the Tories recovered from the first shock of the surprise, enough Patriots had gained entrance to keep them at bay while the rest came hurrying down.

"Surrender!" shouted Grover, in a voice of thunder—for it came like thunder upon the ears of those to whom it was directed.

"Who are you?" demanded Bradbrook the elder.

"A servant of the Continental Congress!" returned the Patriot leader "Surrender, or you are all dead men in less time than 'twould take to tell your rascally names! Do you surrender?"

Once more there was but one horn to the dilemma, unless death were taken for a horn. Full three-score stout rebels had entered the cavern, and as many leaden bullets were ready to be flashed through the poor wretches' bodies at an instant's notice.

"Shall I give the order to fire?" asked Grover.

"No, no. We surrender!" gasped Peter Gammon.

No one spoke against Peter's decision, and the work of securing the prisoners was commenced at once; and when their arms had been all lashed behind them, they were led forth into the upper world, and there bound together, two-and-two, in which condition they were marched off. Not a life had been taken, though two or three of those who had been knocked down were not so well as they might have been.

The prisoners who had been brought into the fort on the previous occasion had been removed from the guard-room to the cells, so that at the present time the guard-room was ready for this fresh batch. Grover reached the fortress about day-light, having been detained on the way by the death of one of the prisoners, and the excessive feebleness of two more. Loud shouts broke the morning air as the bound Tories marched in through the sally-port, and the whole garrison came to see the sight.

As before, Philip was placed next to that door, and the two Bradbrooks were next to him; but there could be no hope of escape at present, for the day was already at hand. And our hero knew too that it would not do to escape that same way again. The pretence would be too flimsy. But he rested easy, for he knew he should be enlightened in good time.

It happened, however, that there was no need of any ruse on the present occasion. On the day before, Col. Willett had received a message from Col. John Butler, who was at the lake, to the effect that he had four prisoners, whom he would exchange. They were two sergeants, a lieutenant, and an engineer, belonging to the fort, who had been captured by some Indians two weeks before; and to this message no answer had as yet been returned, as the commander had anticipated the arrival of the new prisoners. Now, however, he sent back word that he held as prisoners of war Nathan and Guy Bradbrook, Alfred Magoon and Peter Gammon, whom he would exchange for the patriot prisoners aforesaid.

On the following morning an officer of Butler's and Johnson's brigade arrived, bearing a white flag, and with him came a sergeant's guard with the four patriot prisoners in charge. Willett sent an officer, supported by a like guard, out to confer. The Tory brought word that he was authorized to exchange, on the grounds mentioned. Accordingly, the two Bradbrooks, with Magoon and Gammon, were led out, and they were pleased enough when they found that they were to be set free. Master Samuel Dowder begged very hard to be also exchanged, but no attention was paid to his request.

So the father and son were once more free; but Guy swore that he would not leave that section until he had possessed himself of the person of Isabel Carlton! He asked the officer who accompanied them if they had any shrewd men in camp, who would run some risk for gold. He was answered that there were plenty. With a look and tone which plainly showed that his life was pledged to the accomplishment of his purpose, he said:

"There are, in this world, some means of gaining that girl, and I can find them, or—I can die!"

With these four gone from among the prisoners, it was an easy matter to dispose of the Red Eagle. He was brought out from the guard-room by an officer who informed him, in a tone loud enough for all to hear, that he was to be exchanged for a Patriot, who had been taken by the Indians some time before. This was sufficient to prevent suspicion in the minds of the other prisoners, and as none of the men of the fort heard it, save such as were in the secret, there was no trouble on that score.

The red man was led into the presence of the commandant, with whom were some dozen of the officers of the fort. These latter gazed upon the noble form of the prisoner, and they never dreamed that they beheld a man of their own kind. Even Willett himself could hardly realize that he beheld the fair youth whom he held in such high esteem. After gazing a few moments with admiration upon the superbly developed frame, he said:

"Kanadandagea, I have sent for you to offer you your freedom."

"Freedom is a boon I very much do covet, sir commandant," replied our hero, standing erect and stern.

"Do you know a youth of our people, named Philip Lancey?"

"I do."

"Is he not at this time a prisoner?"

"He is."

"Was he not captured by Mohawk warriors?"

"He was."

"Do you know where he is?"

"I do."

"Is it in your power to have him delivered up to us?"

"It is."

"And will you do it in return for your own liberty?"

"I will."

"Ah—you will? And when?"

"Whenever you please."

"I would have it done as soon as possible. How long would it take you to reach the place where the exchange must take place?"

"Three hours. Perhaps more."

"And how many men may I send with you?"

"I must go forth a free man! If so, I give you my word that the youth shall be safe within this fort before dark."

The colonel pondered a moment, and then said:

"I must send two men, and with them must go a negro servant, belonging to Mr. Lancey. What say you to this?"

The red man pondered a few moments, and then replied:

"Well—be it so."

Ere long, Captain Grover and Ambrose Mercer were ready to set out. Mercer, it will be remembered, was the sentinel who suffered the three prisoners to escape. He had satisfied his commandant that the event was unavoidable on his part, and no punishment had been inflicted. And this had caused no surprise in the fort, for Mercer was known by all as a pattern soldier, and a bold, intelligent, and faithful partizan.

Jocko was on hand, and at ten o'clock the party set out. The intelligence flew rapidly over the garrison that Philip Lancey had been discovered, and that the Mohawk chief was to deliver him up.

As soon as the four men had got out of sight of the fort, their reserve was thrown off, and the noble youth was most warmly embraced by his companions. Their conversation became earnest and animated, and after awhile Philip gave a proper account of his adventures, which entertained his friends much. They reached the little hut in the midst of the thick wildwood, and there, concealed in a secret recess beneath some of the logs, the youth's clothing was found, safe and uninjured, just as his servant had disposed of it.

Jocko produced from his bosom a small flask of colorless liquid, which he mixed with a can of water from the brook. Philip now divested himself of his borrowed plumage, and the negro commenced to wash those parts which had been colored. A soft, fine lather was produced upon the skin, which soon changed to a dingy hue as the color began to start. It was quite a job, but the master bore it, and the man persevered, and at the end of an hour Philip Lancey stepped forth, as fair and natural as ever, with the blush of a rose over all his skin.

When they were ready to start it was decided that the Indian garb and weapons should be left where the other garb was found. They were accordingly stowed away there, and then the party left the place, and in due time reached the fort.

Philip sought his father first, and having received the old man's blessing, he sought Isabel. She had heard of his coming, and she was alone.

The youth called her *sister*; and she, in turn, called him *brother*. And so, pure as the first breath of rosy morn in their love, they sat down, and Philip recounted to her his adventures. He trusted her with all but his disguise. He informed her that he had his own reasons for insisting that she, of all others, should know nothing of his Indian character, at least for the present.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"BROTHER" AND "SISTER" ARRIVE AT A BETTER UNDERSTANDING.

Until Philip had told all his adventures, and Isabel had related her experience of doubt and uneasiness, the conversation flowed freely enough; but after that seasons of hesitation and embarrassment intervened which seemed to indicate that both held thoughts which were not expressed—that they were moved by feelings which sought concealment, but which yet longed for exposition. At such times their eyes would meet; they would appear to read each other's thoughts; and then their gaze would seek the floor, while a troubled, anxious expression pervaded their countenances. One of these intervals had lengthened into a silence that was becoming really oppressive, when Philip aroused from his troublous reverie, and gazed into his companion's face. There was an effort apparent in his manner, and a close observer could have seen that a deep argument had been going on within, and that the decision had just been arrived at. He moved nearer to the maiden, and his voice was lower than before, and far more earnest.

"Isabel," he said, "I have been thinking of an important subject—a subject that has troubled me much, and one that has afforded me a theme for conflicting thought whenever it has come to mind. I have finally resolved to keep it to myself no longer. But ere I speak of that I would ask you a simple question—simple in its proposition, but, alas! of deepest moment. Pardon me, and answer fully and freely, for, as God lives, I would not seek to influence you one atom. In less than three months you will be nineteen years of age. Have you resolved that you will become the wife of Guy Bradbrook if, on that day, he demands your hand?"

Isabel turned pale as death, and pressed both her hands upon her throbbing heart.

"Dearest sister!" cried the youth, springing forward and clasping her hand. "O, pardon me for broaching this subject. I did not think it would affect you so deeply. We will say no more about it. Let it pass."

"No no," uttered Isabel, energetically. "I would rather have it disposed of now. It was only the power of my own thought that made me feel so painfully—a thought which often, alas! too often, comes to me. No, no,—speak on—speak on."

"But I asked a question, sister."

"Ah—so you did," the poor girl murmured, in a half vacant tone, as though other themes than the one in question occupied her mind. "Yes, yes," she added. A dark shadow flitted across her face, and her lips trembled; but in a moment more, as if with a mighty effort, her face grew calm, and a faint smile was perceptible about her mouth. "My mind was made up long ago, my brother, and nothing can change it. I have pondered long and deeply upon it, and with earnest prayer for Supreme guidance. I would rather pass the few short years, or, maybe months of life here on earth in sorrow and sadness, and, when I lay me down to die, pass away with the consolation that I shall meet a father whom I have obeyed, than to seize upon the wild bliss which strong temptation promises, and live and die with the knowledge upon my soul that my father's dying command, made more solemn still by my own pledge, had been broken—disregarded—trampled under my feet!"

The beautiful girl was pale as marble when she ceased speaking, and like marble was she firm and rigid. She gazed a few seconds into Philip's face, and then rested her brow upon both her hands.

"Will it pain you if I speak on?" the youth asked.

"No, Philip. I wish you to speak fully. It is my earnest desire that you say all you can possibly have to say."

"Isabel," pursued our hero, earnestly, but with gentle tenderness, "I should not have spoken at this time had not circumstances which have lately transpired brought new fancies to my mind. The conversation we had when I returned from my fearful ordeal with the Indians under the Mountain Ash, I had meant should suffice, but since then I have heard from Guy's own lips that he was a party to my intended murder, and also have I proved his deep, demoniac villainy on all hands. I could not help wondering if you would not cut the bond with one stern resolve, and be free forever from the curse!"

"Alas! Philip, you think only of me. You think not of the thousand dangers to which you would be exposed in common with myself. You know the Tories are powerful in this valley. And they must be while the war lasts. You know they are bold, bad men, and wholly unscrupulous. Were I to '*cut the bond*' I should make an enemy for you who would——"

"Stop, Isabel," interrupted Philip. "You forget that both Guy and his father are as deadly in their enmity to me now as it is possible for them to be. Remember that, my sister."

"I do remember it, Philip; but I think they sought your life only that they might the more easily gain possession of me. When they offered the rewards for your head during the siege it was for that purpose; and they did not make another offer to the same end until you had rescued me from their power. No, no, Philip, I am not thoughtless. I think if you were to give me up they would seek your life no more."

"Would you have me give you up?" asked the youth, in a startling whisper.

"No. I could not ask that. There is too great a hope hanging upon the possibilities of the future. I am frank, even though I expose my own selfishness."

"Selfishness?" repeated the young Patriot, in a chiding tone. He stopped, and at the end of a few moments spent in thought he continued,—"Upon one point I am satisfied, so far as the desire of knowledge is concerned, at least; and I cannot ask you to swerve from the resolve you have made. I know how you feel, and with what instinctive dread you look upon the idea of living in disobedience of your father's dying injunctions. 'Tis a sad fate—a fate so sad, so terrible, that therein lies my hope."

Isabel looked up with an inquiring glance, and Philip immediately added,—

"I cannot think God will suffer it."

"Ah," returned the maiden, with a shake of the head, "we know not the wisdom of God, nor can we comprehend his plans. Were this short span of earth the end of life, then we might argue thus; but God holds eternity within his plans, and the event which occupies a life-time to us may only be as a single vibration of the great pendulum of the universe to Him. He gave us life for an eternity—the short hour here to be for our good, if we would have it so. Man cannot rob me of the deeper, holier good which is mine. There is a consciousness of right—a faith in the Great Hereafter—and a fixed purpose to pass away to that bourne, which even the blackest villain cannot rob me of. He may rob me of my earthly joy; he may crush me beneath his heel of tyranny; he may spurn me; he may revile me—traduce me—spit upon me—aye, and, by brutal force, even rob me of the holiest jewel of this earthly life,—and yet, when I pray, I can pour forth my soul in trusting prayer, and dwell within a world of serene joy which he knows nothing of! Ah, my brother, I am prepared for the sacrifice, if it must come; but, like a child as I am, I fear and dread the pain, and pray God to deliver me from it. So I will not ask you to carry me back!"

This had been spoken in a tone so soft and sweet, and with an expression of the beautiful face so calm and serene, and, withal, so full of faith and hope, that Philip was moved even to a responsive "*Amen.*" And after a short pause he said,—

"You have blessed me with a spirit of resignation which I did not before possess. Would to God that I could feel all that you so nobly and devoutly feel. But I will pray with you, and my prayers shall not be all selfish."

"That would be impossible, my brother: for selfishness dwells not in your soul."

"Ah, Isabel, you do not know how selfish I can be when your love is in the scale. But—you must pardon me beforehand for what I shall ask you next."

"You are pardoned, fully and freely," replied the maiden, with a smile.

"When we spoke upon this subject before—when you said you would be my sister—I thought I understood you fully, and I think so now; but still I must ask the question. It has dwelt upon my mind much of late, and I have even allowed myself to wonder if you meant not that you could never be more than a sister to me. I know I may be——"

"—sh!" whispered Isabel, arising from her chair and approaching the spot where the youth sat. She sank down upon her knees and clasped both his hands in her own. Philip would have prevented this, but the look, the tone, the bearing, and the strange light of her dark eye were such that he was wonder-striken, and had not the power of breaking the spell which was upon him.

"Philip," she said, in a tone so full of deep, soul-given power that it made his heart hush its pulsations for the while, "I still forgive you for your doubt. The heart sinneth in its desires—not in the confession of them. This once, before my God, my heart shall speak its secret. To be yours—to love you—to care for you—to anticipate your every wish—to lay my head upon your bosom, and know that you loved me—to feel that I owned your heart's warm devotion, and that from every ill you alone had the right to shield me—to rest by your side in joy and in sorrow—to love you always—always—always—to be your own wedded wife— Oh! God! Mercy! mercy! What joy! What joy! Philip! Philip! Once—once—Oh! once in this poor life let me pillow my head where my heart must be while memory and reason are mine! Philip! Philip! My God! O! forgive me!"

With one wild burst of long pent-up emotion the poor girl flung her arms about the youth's neck, and with her head pressed hard upon his bosom, she sobbed aloud. And Philip Lancey was wholly overcome. He strained the beloved being in his fond embrace, and the big, scalding tears poured down his face like rain. Never before had he been so moved—never before had his heart been so deeply and powerfully wrought upon! When the maiden finally started back from his embrace he clasped his hands toward heaven, and in a tone of seeming inspiration he cried—

"Isabel—my beloved—best, best of beings—as sure as there is a God in Heaven, our hearts shall not be crushed always! A voice tells me so—a voice beyond, above my own will or power!"

Isabel gazed up, but she could not speak. She only smiled faintly through her tears, and then sank down and covered her face with her hands. Philip gazed a while upon her, and then he murmured—

"God bless thee, and keep thee always!" And with this prayer still living in his heart he turned and left the room.

As soon as our hero had recovered from the outward effects of his interview with Isabel he sought the commandant, whom he found in conversation with several of his officers in one of the reception-rooms. As soon as possible the colonel excused himself from his official companions, and bade Philip follow him to his private apartment. When they entered the door was closed, and the attendance of the orderly dispensed with.

"Now, my dear Philip, we are alone!" cried Willett, as the soldier retired. "Let me congratulate you," he continued, seizing the young man by the hand. "You have done nobly—nobly! Did I think my thanks sufficient you should have them without count, but I trust you will receive a more substantial token of reward for your valuable services. I shall send word to Congress of your labors, and if they do by you as they have done by others, you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that your services are fully appreciated. And how looks the horizon of war to the eastward?"

"First, generous sir, let me thank you for your flattering estimation of my poor services," returned Philip, with a deep flush upon his face.

"O—I accept your thanks, my dear friend. I accept all you can think of for the next week, and own myself grateful for them. And now to business."

Willett smiled as he spoke; and Philip smiled; and then the latter resumed—

"With regard to affairs in the east, without going beyond the limits of the valley, I think there will be no more raising of Tory troops for the present. The leaders at the Bend were very careful not to let their dupes know that their companions at the Flats had been captured. They knew 'twould have caused one half of them to run away. So I have taken care that the news of both captures should be sent down the river, together with the rumor that the Rebels had secret spies all up and down the river. One man at Johnstown I filled with terror to the very brim, and I know he will spread the news. I assured him that it would be an impossibility to enlist ten Tories without having one Rebel spy amongst them."

"So you have been to Johnstown?"

"Yes. I went down and spent the Sunday with Bradbrook?"

"I'm glad you had such an opportunity to set the fire going. If we can keep the Tories down in the valley, we may not have much to fear from those already organized; though I must confess that there can be no safety for Patriot settlers at present."

"So much for the east," remarked Philip; "but I have news from the west, sir."

"Ha! From the west? From Tories or Indians?"

"Indians," replied Philip. "One hundred and fifty Mohawk warriors, under the Great Fox, will meet at the Black Bluffs, on the lake side, at noon on Friday."

"Do you know this?" exclaimed Willett, quickly.

"Yes. I had the information from some Mohawks I met on the road, and who really believed me to be one of their most noted war-chiefs."

"And what is their aim in the meeting? What do they mean to do?"

"They are to join Brant at Johnstown."

"Aha! That's it, eh? One hundred and fifty of them?"

"Yes, sir."

"On Friday, at noon?"

"Yes."

"Let's see. To-day is Tuesday, and well gone at that. Wednesday, Thursday—two days for preparation. Do you know the position of these bluffs, and the nature of the circumjacent land?"

"Yes, sir. I am perfectly familiar with the whole territory thereabouts."

"And you will go upon this expedition with two hundred picked men?"

"With pleasure, sir."

"Thank you. The Great Fox may find himself in a Rebel trap?"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

SONG AND SUMMER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Whilst the golden hand of Morn
 Scatters roses o'er the sky;
And the south-wind, newly born,
 Wanders full of odor by;
Sing—for summer speedeth fast!
 Sing—and every pleasure share!
Soon, alas, the wintry blast
 Strips the woodland bare,
  Sweet bird,
Strips the woodland bare!

Sing, and make the Morn thy friend!
 Circle round each happy tree
Where thy brother mates attend,
 Full of joyous liberty!
Speed thy wing from spray to spray—
 Teach the world thy merry song;
Swiftly summer glides away—
 Pleasure lasts not long,
  Sweet bird,
Pleasure lasts not long!

SYRIA.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

Once upon a time a certain king, who felt himself growing too old to reign, had his three sons brought before him, and addressed them thus:

"My children, only a few years remain to me, and at my death one of you must reign. In order to sit firmly upon his throne, a king must have three things—valor, prudence and wisdom. The first gift you have already—the last two can only be found in the world outside these palace walls. Go, therefore, my sons, into the wide world, of which we have so often talked. At the end of three years come back to me, and I will decide between you."

The three princes, hearing this, exchanged joyful glances with each other, and retired to prepare for their journey. Prince Hassan, the eldest, took with him a casket of gems, and a bale of rich stuffs for merchandize; Prince Selim loaded his camel with a store of delicacies for his table, and cooling drinks; but Prince Ali, who was the youngest, took with him neither slave nor camel, only a little purse of gold, a copy of the Koran, which he bore upon his breast, a strong staff, and his trusty sword. Thus equipped, they kissed the hand of the king, their father, and set off.

At the end of the second day's journey, they came to a place where three roads met.

"Here let our paths divide!" cried Hassan. "Farewell, my brothers."

He turned the head of his camel into the road that led to the distant city of Bagdad. Prince Selim drove his slowly towards the village that was lying at his feet where he intended to remain and refresh himself with a good supper and a night's rest. There remained for Prince Ali only the mountain path, and, after gazing at his departing brothers a moment, he sprang up the rocks, leaning on his iron shod staff. The night came down over all.

Two children, watching their master's flock upon a bleak Scottish hill side, read this tale aloud. They were brother and sister at heart, though not in name. Two little orphans, without either friends or home, they had been only too glad to find a shelter in the hut of an old dame who lived near by, and employment in watching the sheep that fed among the hills. Yet they were strangely dissimilar in birth and appearance. Evan Douglas was a true child of the wild country in which he was reared. His light hair and blue eyes, his bluff, hardy frame and honest face, all bespoke his extraction; but Syria, tall and slender beyond her years, quick and light as a fairy in her movements, with a dark, bright face, and eyes and hair of intense blackness—how came she there? Little was known of her, save that she was left in the care of Dame Alice by a sick lady who could no longer take the charge of her, and who was said to be the wife of an officer in the English army. The lady departed—no one knew where; the small sum of money she had left was spent, yet still the child remained. The old dame at length lit upon the happy expedient of making a shepherdess of her, and Syria was only too happy at being released from the dark hut, and allowed to range at will in the sunshine. And Evan, who was the grandson of Dame Alice, felt as if he had received a post of great importance when she was committed to his charge, that she might be taught the mysteries of the fold and pen.

There were long, bright hours of many and many a day, when the flock were grazing quietly, and the two children had nothing to do but sit and talk, or read, in such rude books as they could borrow from their master's house. One of these—a much worn volume of fairy tales, had been presented to Syria by her young mistress, and many an hour did they spend together over its bright pages. To them, every word was reality, every incident a truth, and the tales never grew old or wearisome.

It was in this torn and tattered volume that Evan was reading, for perhaps the hundredth time, the history of "Prince Ali, the Golden King of Persia." When he came to the three roads where the three princes bade each other farewell, his little companion laid her hand upon the open page.

"Stop there," she said. "Oh, Evan, can you see it all before you? Just imagine this is the mountain path up which Prince Ali came. What do you suppose he would have found over there, Evan, if it had been?"

She pointed to the range of hills that were lying far away, seeming to rest against the blue sky beyond them.

"I am sure I cannot tell," said the boy, thoughtfully. "You always know such things so much better than I do, Syria."

"He would not have found the silent city and the enchanted princess, as he did in that book, Evan. And yet he would have found cities—great beautiful cities—with so many people in them. Oh! how I wish I could see them!"

"I don't, then," said Evan, stoutly. "I have heard my master tell about them. He has been in them all, but it was when he was a young man. He was very rich then, and could go everywhere he pleased."

"I am sure he is very rich now," said Syria, eagerly. "But what did he say about those great cities? Did he ever go to London?"

"Yes—several times. I have heard him speak of the beautiful houses and churches there till the tears stood in his eyes. And one night he told us of a lady he once saw there, who was so beautiful that every one who passed her in the street used to stop and look at her."

"Oh! Evan—who was she?"

"He did not tell her name. But he said she was a singer. She used to sing every night in the theatre, which, you know, is a place where people go to be amused, Syria, and she made a great fortune by it—so great, that when she died she left gold enough to her confessor to enable him to build a church."

"I should like to go to London," said Syria.

"Why?"

"Oh! to see the people, and the beautiful places, and to hear such singing as they must have there. Perhaps I might sing myself, after a while. Oh! that would be fine!"

"You are much better off on the hillside, keeping the sheep with me," was the boy's sage reply. "And as to singing, if you come to that, I don't know who can sing better than you. If any one can, I should like to hear them."

She caught her breath, and her eyes sparkled like diamonds as she looked at him.

"Oh, Evan, do you really mean it?"

"Indeed I do. The laird's daughter sings the same songs you have taught me, but her voice never sounds like yours, and I have seen the young ladies at the manse look after you many a time, when you have gone by, humming to yourself. You know you can sing well, Syria. Come, give me a song, now."

"What shall it be, Evan?"

"Sing 'Bonnie Prince Charlie,' if you will."

He joined her as she began his favorite song. His voice was soft and pleasing, but her's was rich and strong as a wild bird's. Like liquid melody the sweet notes rose and fell, echoing far over the moor below them. The watchful eye of Evan noted a traveler there; he saw him turn and look up, as she began to sing, and finally ascend the stony hill, as eagerly as Ali might have climbed that other, two thousand years before.

"Hush, Syria," he said, as he saw the stranger was evidently coming towards them. "Here is a stranger coming—what can he want? I have never seen him before. He must be a traveler."

Syria looked down upon the ascending figure with flushed cheeks and a beating heart, for his arrival was a new era in her existence. For four years they had watched the sheep among those hills, and no one had ever come to them before.

"Oh, Evan, it is like the fairy prince, is it not?" she whispered breathlessly, as, with his stout staff, the stranger cleared the last rock, and stood before them.

He was a remarkable looking man, in the very prime of life. His form was almost herculean in its proportions, and his hight unusual, even in the region of modern giants. "A storm of golden hair" fell down over his broad shoulders, his face was frank and open, yet somewhat stern, and his large blue eyes were piercing, and full of fire. The children looked at him in awe, and he, in his turn, seemed surprised at finding those young creatures alone in such a place.

"Am I bewitched?" he said, half aloud, as he stroked his moustache contemplatively. "I could have sworn I heard a voice. Children, can you tell me if you have heard any one singing near here during the last few moments."

At a sign from Syria, Evan spoke.

"My sister and I were singing, sir."

The stranger looked incredulous, but threw himself down upon the ground at a little distance from them.

"Your Scottish air must have some peculiar power. But since I have climbed to this hight, will you oblige me by singing again?"

Without a moment's hesitation they began the air again. At the first note the stranger started, and looked at Syria with a mingled expression of surprise and pleasure. He seemed scarcely able to restrain his feelings during the song, and when it was ended, he looked at her and sighed.

"Never have I heard such a voice save once," he said, sadly. "Child, who are you, and whence do you come?"

It was Evan who was the narrator of his companion's little history. The stranger started to his feet, and listened with every appearance of interest.

"How long ago was this, boy?"

"Nearly twelve years, I have heard my grandmother say."

"Twelve years! The time agrees. And her name?"

"Is Syria, sir."

"I knew it—I was sure of it." And the stranger doffed his cap, and bowed low to the barefooted peasant child, who sat, silent and astonished, before him.

"For the sake of your mother, I, as well as other men, am ready to do you homage," he said. "But is this the place for the daughter of Syria Narcati? Child, with your mother's voice and your mother's eyes, why are you not treading in her footsteps?"

"My mother? Who was she?" asked the bewildered child.

The stranger lifted his hands to Heaven.

"You, to whom she gave birth, do not know! She was one whom the world delighted to honor—the proudest and most beautiful woman—the sweetest singer that ever yet was heard."

The child burst into a flood of tears.

"Why do you weep?" he said, gently. "True, I cannot take you to your mother, for she is dead; but I can take you to London—I can give you the instruction that will fit you to take her place, and I can be such a friend to you as, in her last days, I was permitted to be to her. You are to decide your future life now, Syria—remember that. Will you stay upon this Scottish hillside and keep your master's sheep, or will you go with me to live the life your mother lived—to be idolized and worshiped and loved as only her child could be?"

She wiped the tears from her eyes and looked around her. She saw the fair sky, the breezy hills, and the flock that knew her voice so well; she saw also the playmate of her childhood—the best and dearest friend she had ever known, standing aloof, and looking sorrowfully at her, while his faithful dog licked his hand, and for a moment she wavered. But she saw also London, the glorious city of her dreams. She saw herself, no longer the simple shepherdess, but the successful singer, splendidly clad, with crowds attending her; she saw herself rich, honored and happy, and far more able to assist those she left behind, than she could be in any other way. She drew nearer the stranger, and put her hand silently in his.

"You will go?" he asked, smiling down upon her.

"I will go."

"At once? Or shall I leave you with your brother for a time, till I can make arrangements with your master for taking you away?"

It was Evan who spoke now. He cried out bitterly—

"Take her with you now, sir. She is not my own sister, or she should never go. But I cannot prevent it now. Oh, Syria—go with him—but I want you always to remember that you have broken my heart."

He threw himself upon the earth, face downwards, and wept audibly.

"Evan, I am only going away as Prince Ali went—to seek my fortune," she whispered, bending over him. "When I have found it I will come back to you, and we will be happy together."

The boy sat up and looked after the child and her protector, as they descended the hill, with a heart full of anger. His eyes fell upon the book they had been reading, still open at the legend of the Golden King.

"It is you that have been the cause of all this," he cried. "It is you that is taking my sister away from me."

In a transport of indignation he hurled it far from him. But then a softer mood came over him. True, the book had beguiled and fascinated her, but it was hers, and the last thing she had touched upon that lonely hillside. She would never sit there with him again—never help him call the sheep together at nightfall—never read of Prince Ali any more—never pat his dog upon the head, and share his own noonday meal! And he—what would he do when she had gone? How could he live without her? And oh, when should he have the heart to sing his favorite song again—that fatal song which had arrested the traveler's ear, and led to the prisoning of the sweet bird that warbled it? He burst into tears at the thought, and running to the book of fairy tales, lifted it from the ground where he had hurled it, wiped it carefully, pressed it to his lips, and hid it in his bosom, beneath the shepherd's plaid he wore.

CHAPTER II.

It was recorded of Prince Ali, (in that wonderful book which Syria had been wont to read,) that a year and a day passed by, from the date of his ascending the perilous mountain path, before he looked again upon the faces of men.

In one sense, it must be confessed, the experience of the young girl was like that of her favorite hero. For it was just a year and a day from the time she left the Highland glen, before she appeared in public. She thought of it herself as they were dressing her for her *debut* upon the stage, and something very like a tear rose to her eye, as she thought of her old playmate, and wondered sadly if he still remembered her.

The fame of her mother had scarcely died away among the upper circles of England, before they were thus called upon to greet and sustain her daughter. It was a moment of intense expectation, when the curtain rose upon the stage of the —— Opera, in London. The house was crammed from pit to ceiling, and every eye was fixed anxiously upon the orchestra, whose signal was to bring the queen of the night before them.

A low ærial strain breathed from a score of instruments gave the preconcerted signal. As if in answer to the magic music, a slender, graceful figure stood before them, dressed in the flowing robes, and crowned with the wreath of "Norma." There was one moment of terrible silence, and then, as the old frequenters of the place recalled the melting eyes, the long dark tresses, and the majestic beauty of "La Syria," and saw them re-produced before them—yet softened and etherialized by the extreme youth of her daughter—they rose *en masse* to greet her. Shouts, cheers, cries, waving handkerchiefs, and a shower of bouquets, testified to the success of this sudden appeal to their feelings. Without uttering a single note, she had been elevated to the throne her mother had left vacant. It was a proud moment for her. She drew herself up to her full hight, and bowed to the excited throng; then the curtain fell, and rose again, when the stage was clear, upon the first act of the opera.

That sudden success was not hazarded, when the prima donna took her part and sung, for the first time, before an audience of thousands. Seemingly unconscious of the critical eyes that were watching, and the critical ears that were listening, she threw herself into her part with an intense earnestness that subdued and thrilled her hearers, and hushed them to a perfect silence. Not the young and beautiful girl—but Norma herself stood before them—Norma torn by a thousand sorrows, yet noble and heroic to the last. The curtain fell—and for a moment not a voice was heard. She smiled to herself at that great tribute to her genius, as she leaned against a pillar, exhausted with her over-wrought feelings, and scarcely able to reply to the congratulations of her friend and master, Maximilian Sandorf, who hurried to grasp her hand and thank her by looks and words for her success.

"Hark—do you hear that?" he said, as the multitude, recovered from their trance, began to shout for "Syria."

She let him lead her forth before the curtain. Every one rose instinctively—and the theatre was a scene of frightful excitement. "La belle Syria," "Syria the Second!" was the shout from tier to tier, and among the deluge of wreaths and boquets that fell at her feet, a crown of snow-white roses was seen to flutter from a private box, which was well known to be occupied by one of the noblest of England's noble sons.

"For Syria the Second," said a clear, deep voice.

At this public act of devotion from one so well known, the house rang with new applause. Herr Sandorf lifted the graceful crown with reverence, and approached his pupil. She bent her proud head to receive it—she glanced up at the donor, and smiled almost imperceptibly as the curtain fell between them.

For nine years "Syria the Second" reigned. For nine years she glittered, a brilliant star, amid scenes of splendor—scenes which drove the simple cottage of her early days from her mind. She had provided liberally for her old play-fellow and his grandmother, but Dame Alice was now dead, and Evan had gone, no one knew whither. To her he was like a dream.

In the zenith of her power, and glory, and beauty, Syria was suddenly stricken down. A terrible visitation was hanging over the devoted city of London, and she was one of the first to fall a victim to the malady. It was that scourge of humanity—that most dreaded and fatal thing—the small-pox. And then, for the first time, the "Queen of Song" felt what it was to be utterly alone in the world. She had no one who was bound to her by the ties of blood—and friends, lovers, and acquaintances alike deserted her when they knew her fate. An object of horror, as well as of pity, she lay upon her sick-bed—watched over only by a poor sister of charity, and prayed for only by those of a different faith from hers. Yet God was merciful. He had seen her proud and haughty—glorying in the consciousness of her youth, and beauty, and talents, yet never deigning to bend the knee to Him who gave all these good gifts to her. He had seen her sinking into a pit of iniquity, and by His own strong arm he had rescued her. And how? By taking from her everything which had made life so sweet—by leaving her only those things which could render Heaven dear. He gave her life, at last,—but not the life she had been enjoying. He gave her time again—but it was only that she might prepare for the judgment-day. She rose from that bed—which had so nearly been the bed of death—bereft of health and beauty, bereft of friends, and only conscious of a deep and intense longing for some rest which could not fail her. His church alone could give her this. She turned from all she had loved so well before, and came meekly and humbly, like a little child, to the foot of the Cross—acknowledging her sins, and praying that they might be taken from her. Her prayer was heard—what prayer is not, when offered humbly and with a contrite heart? And, like Christian of old, she left the burden she had borne so long at the altar of Him who died for those who had sinned, and suffered, and repented like her.

Few would have recognized the bright and beautiful prima donna in the pale and emaciated being who tottered around the garden of her town residence, leaning on her nurse's arm. Her place was vacant; and there could be no "Syria the third," for she was a lonely and a childless woman. She had gone down suddenly from her high place. There are those yet living who remember her, and say they have never seen a being so beautiful since. For her, nothing remained but to end her days in peaceful obscurity. The hollow cough that shook her wasted frame, and the cold dew that moistened her lip and forehead at the slightest exertion, showed that they would be but few.

Only one desire seemed to remain in her mind. She remembered now no longer the scenes of her triumphs—the delights of her more sinful days. But she dwelt with pleasure on her youth upon the hillsides of Scotland. She longed to see the lonely places once more—to tread that solemn glen, to sit upon the bleak hillside, to look upon the mountains over which she used to long to go, and which she now wished she never might have passed—and then die!

"I cannot rest till I have seen the heather in bloom," she used to cry. "I must feel the fresh air blowing around me—I must hear the bleating of the flock, and sit where I used to sit with Evan by my side, and then I can go in peace."

When she was pronounced strong enough to bear the journey, she set out at once, accompanied only by a single servant, and without having again met one of the gay throng who would once have worshiped at her chariot wheels. With a sigh she looked her last at London, remembering how her childish hopes and wishes had turned thither, and how they had met with their fulfilment. She sank back in the carriage as the great dome of St. Paul's faded from her view, and thought of those she was about to meet. Would the little hut where she had been reared be still standing? Would the laird's daughters be there still? Would Evan meet her? Oh! would he know her even—pale, weary, and penitent—whom she had seen for the last time radiant in youth, and health, and happiness? She covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly as she asked herself this question.

Evan was there—the sole survivor of those whom she had known nine years before. The old laird, and his blooming daughters—Dame Alice, and the young ladies at the manse—all, all were gone, and the simple sherpherd and shepherdess alone remained to tell the tale. And oh!—strangest of all—Evan's home was now in that very manse by which they had so often passed, and he himself was a minister of God!

Their meeting was a strange and solemn one. He had also changed; and there was that in his face which spoke of a speedy release from earth and its cares and trials. The robust boy had grown into a tall and slender young man, with earnest blue eyes, and a hectic flush upon his thin cheek—as greatly changed as was the pale, hollow-eyed woman, who laid upon her bed, and looked steadily at him, from the joyous child who danced over the moors by his side nine years before.

"Oh! Evan—can it be only nine years!" she cried, as they talked together late one night: "It seems to me that it is a century—I can see so much of sin and evil in the time as I look back."

"And I, Syria, have also much to regret," he answered, musingly.

"Evan, where is our book of fairy tales?" she asked, suddenly.

He went to a small casket which stood in a corner of the room and showed it to her, together with the tress of hair, the four pieces of gold, and the penciled words she had left him.

"I carried them with me for years," he said. "When I became a minister of God, I resigned the creature for the Creator, and wore your gifts no more. But I treasure them still, you see, and always shall, till I am cold in death."

"Good, faithful heart!"

"And you, Syria,—did you never, in your day of prosperity, remember the boy who watched his flocks alone?"

"Always, Evan."

"I used to think of you," he continued, "and try to imagine the life you led. It seemed like a continuation of our fairy tales—all glow and glitter. When I closed my eyes I could see you, glittering with gems, standing beside me; and one night I heard you cry—'Ah, Evan, after all I am not happy!' After that I grew uneasy, and longed to see you. Then came your gift of money, and then old Alice died. I had nothing to bind me here. I, too, determined to go out into the world. But I always believed you would return here one day, and I determined to be here to meet you. If you had not come now, I should have expected you till I was an old man."

"Ah, you knew well that I could never die till I had felt the air of our dear hills once more," she said, faintly.

He looked at her anxiously.

"How pale you grow, Syria!"

"I feel ill."

"And the cold sweat is on your forehead again! What shall I do?—Shall I call your nurse?"

"No—call no one. Hear me, Evan. I believe my last hour has come. Promise me that, if this is the case, you will remain with me till all is over—that your hand shall close my eyes. It is the last office you will ever be able to render your old play-fellow, Evan, till you bury her."

"But, Syria——"

"I know all you would say; but there is something sweet to me in the thought of passing my last hours with you. I began life by your side alone—let me also end it there."

"Be it so."

"One thing more. Take the book we used to love so well, and read the old story of Prince Ali."

His voice was broken with sobs as he obeyed. He had never read it aloud before since they were children togther. And when the long and perilous journey of the proud prince was finished, and he was happily settled upon his father's throne, with the fair princess whom he had rescued from the enchanted palace beside him, he laid down the book, buried his face in his hands, and wept like a child!

"No tears for me now, dear Evan," she said, gently. "But put that book aside—we shall never look at it together again. I am going to a country far more beautiful than Prince Ali ever found. 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' Oh! I believe there must be one for me."

He took his Bible from the stand beside her bed, and read, not only that, but many another comforting text, to which she listened with a happy smile. Then, after a prayer, in which she joined audibly, he administered the Holy Communion to her, and performed the last sad offices the church requires. How strange it seemed to think that his should be the hand to lead her close to the gates of eternal life—his voice the last to breathe words of peace and mercy in her ear, as he stood upon the hither side of the grave, and sent his farewell after her.

She sank into a quiet stupor as he sat watching her, while her mind seemed busy with the scenes of her early life. He heard her speak his name, and that of his shepherd dog, who had been dead for years. Then she sang, in a low voice, the song he had never heard since the day they parted—"Bonnie Prince Charlie." He wept as he heard it, and his sobs seemed to rouse her. She looked at him long and earnestly, as her breath grew shorter and fainter.

"Evan."

"I hear you, Syria."

"We never read of death—never learned how to die in our fairy-book."

"But we have read in the Bible, Syria."

"I know. God be merciful to me—a sinner."

They were her last words. She folded her hands upon her breast—looked up to Heaven—and died!

Evan bent above her in speechless agony a moment. Then, rising from his knees, he closed the sightless eyes, kissed the cold lips, covered the poor, pale face, and went away weeping bitterly.

The fairy tale was finished. But better words, and a sweeter song were on her lips, we trust, in Heaven!

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

Any ear may hear the wind. It is a great leveler—nay, rather, it is a great dignifier and elevator. The wind that rushes through the organ of Trinity Church has first passed through the organ of some poor Italian boy; the voice of Alboni and that of a street singer have but one common capital to draw upon—the catholic atmosphere, the unsectarian air, the failure of which would be the utter extinction of Handel, Haydn, and all the rest. This air, or atmosphere—the compound of nitrogen and oxygen, to which we are so deeply indebted—sometimes plays the musician of itself, and calls upon Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, upon the ocean and the forest; and they, like invisible but not inaudible performers, make glorious music. Sometimes the shrouds of a ship, as she rolls upon the tempestuous deep, raise wild and piercing sopranos to the skies; sometimes the trees and branches of a forest of gigantic pines become mighty harp-strings, which, smitten by the rushing tempests, send forth grand and incessant harmonies—now anthems and anon dirges. Sometimes the waves of the ocean respond, like white-robed choristers, to the thunder-bass of the sky, and so make Creation's grand oratorio, in which the "heavens are telling," and the earth is praising the glory of God. Sometimes deep calls upon deep, the Mediterranean to the German Sea, and both to the Atlantic Ocean; and these, the Moses and the Miriam of the earth, awaken rich antiphones, and form opposite choirs, responding from side to side in Nature's grand cathedral, praising and adoring their Creator and Builder. Were man silent God would not want praise.

MYSTERIES.

BY ALICE CARY.

Clouds, with a little light between;
  Pain, passion, fear and doubt,—
Will no one tell me what they mean?
  I cannot find them out!

Hopeless my task is, to begin,
  Who fail with all my power,
To read the crimson lettering in
  The modest meadow flower.

Death, with shut eyes and icy cheek,
  Bearing that bitter cup;
Oh, who is wise enough to speak,
  And break its silence up!

Or read the evil writing on
  The wall of good, for oh,
The more my reason shines upon
  Its lines, the less I know:

Or show how dust becomes a rose,
  And what it is above
All mysteries, that doth compose
  Discordance into Love.

I only know that Wisdom planned,
  And that it is my part
To trust, who cannot understand
  The beating of my heart.

THE BOY EXECUTIONER.

A STORY OF THE DESERT.

A merchant of Tripoli, named Yezid, was traveling to Egypt. With him were his wife and three children, and two other merchants. They rode upon camels, and camels bore their merchandise. In their way they were to cross the Lybian Desert, their business being below the tropic.

At the close of a hot, sultry day, worn, weary and athirst, the party reached the small oasis of Lebon, which was nearly in mid-desert. There they found water for themselves and camels, and an ample place for repose. The tents were pitched, and the beasts secured in their feeding-places, and after this the evening meal was prepared.

Yezid had gathered his family about him and read a chapter from the Koran, and his wife and youngest child had retired for the night. He sat, with his two elder boys, discussing some mercantile matters, when the tramp of horses' feet was heard upon the sand. Starting quickly up, he hastened to the door of his tent, and looked forth upon the desert.

"What is it, father?" asked the eldest son, who had also arisen.

"There comes a band of horsemen," returned the merchant, pointing off to the westward.

"Aye—and they are of the wild Tibbous, too," the son rejoined, the dim moonlight revealing the quaint garb of the coming party. "We are in danger."

Yezid at once sprang from his tent and aroused the other merchants, but he was too late. The Tibbous came dashing up, eight in number, with the pale moonbeams reflected from their bright cimeters.

* * * * *

Malek, the youngest child of Yezid, heard the loud din, and in sudden alarm he left his couch, and crept out beneath the back of the tent. How long the noise lasted ere he awoke he knew not, nor did he have time for thought, for hardly had he reached the open space when he saw some men unfastening the camels. He stopped only to see that they were of one of the tribes of the Tibbous, and then he crept back into the tent for the purpose of giving the alarm. He searched for his father, but could not find him. He then went out by the front way, and was just in season to see the Tibbous driving off the camels.

The boy—he was only fourteen—would have given some alarm, but at that moment his eye rested upon a prostrate form close by his feet. He stooped down and turned the pale, cold face of his elder brother to the moonlight. His hand touched something warm upon his brother's shoulder—he looked—'twas blood.

"Father! Father!" the boy cried.

But no father answered him. Then he arose, and found another prostrate form. He bent over it, and saw that it was the body of his other brother—and this one was dead, too. At a short distance another form lay—a female—his mother. He found his father, too, and the two other merchants—but dead—all dead! The Tibbous had murdered them every one, and carried off everything of value save the tents.

Poor Malek wept and tore his hair, and rent his garments in twain. He had loved his parents and his brothers, and he was frantic now. When he had become weak from excessive grief, he threw himself upon the blood-stained grass, and there he lay for hours among the dead, with the moonbeams resting upon his pale cheek, and glistening upon his tears.

Finally the boy started to his feet, and gazed once more about him. For a long while he stood thus, and then he raised his clasped hands towards Heaven.

"A poor child is left alone upon the wide desert. His life has been made dark in its early morn, and all he loved have been stricken down in death. My mother, where art thou? My father, where art thou? My brothers—oh! what hath befallen thee? Dead! dead! dead! And who hath done it? The chieftain of the Tibbous hath been here with his men, and this is the work of their hands!"

Having spoken this in a mournful, impassioned strain, the boy moved to the side of his dead mother, and kissed her. He did the same to his father and brothers, and then he started up and clasped his hands again. This time a fierce fire burned in his eye, and his fine form was sternly erect.

"The Tibbou chieftain hath done it. Malek alone, of all his family, is left to tell the story. Shall he tell that he fled from before the face of the murderer, or shall he tell how he revenged the deed? Father—mother—brothers—you shall be revenged if Malek lives!"

With a narrow tent-spade which had been left behind, Malek digged the graves of his friends. He was many hours in the work—the sun arose and set again ere it was done. But the last prayer from the boy-lips was said at length, and the sand smoothed over the resting-places of all that was mortal of his friends. Then the lad lay down beneath the old tent, and slept alone.

In the morning Malek arose, and having bowed himself upon the graves he had made, and said his prayers, he prepared for the task before him. First he darkened his skin with some berries which he found at hand, and then he gathered up such provisions as he could find, and filled a leathern bottle with water. To follow the track of the murderers over the sand was easy enough, for there had been no wind to fill them up.

For three days the boy followed the trail, and when he awoke on the morning of the fourth, he saw a small village ahead, which lay at the foot of rugged mountains. He pushed on, and at the first hut he stopped and asked for food. An old woman named Noona owned the place, and she admitted the applicant at once. Malek told her he was from the mountains, and that his parents were dead. She took pity, and offered him a home if he would be a son to her. She had lost all her children, and was alone. The Moorish boy readily accepted her offer, and from that time he had a home. Old Noona protected him, and claimed him as her own; and when people asked her whence the child came, she said—"He is my dead sister's child, and he found his way to my hut."

As soon as Malek dared question Noonah he began to gain light. He found that the chief of the place was named Ben-Zama, and that he was a robber by profession. In time the boy learned all he could wish to know, and a part of it he learned from the chieftain's own lips. Ben-Zama and seven of his chosen followers were the men who had murdered his family. He made sure of this—he knew every man—and then he turned his thoughts and energies in another direction.

He began to wander among the mountains, and at length he found the place he sought. It was where a narrow shelf of rock ran around an almost perpendicular mountain-side, and overlooked a frightful chasm, along the far-off bottom of which dashed and roared a swift, white torrent. It was a wild, fearful place, but the boy was not afraid. Day after day he made his way to that giddy height, and there worked right bravely.

This shelf, which seemed to be midway up the steep mountain's side, led from a rugged pathway which only the wild gazelle had trodden before. It was not over six feet wide at the commencement, and then led for some distance in a circuitous way, but when it became straight it widened to a broad inclined plane. This plane descended at such an angle that no man could have held himself on it, and at a distance of twenty yards it ended abruptly, leaving a broad chasm open at its foot. Some convulsion of nature seemed to have split and opened the shelf at this point, for at the distance of a few yards it commenced again, and led off around the mountain on a plane. But the chasm had been opened clear to the roaring torrent in the dim, deep distance. The side of the mountain had been wholly cleft in twain, so that between the two ends of the shelf there was a yawning gulf.

Malek got long, strong vines, and having secured them to the rocks above, he let himself down the inclined plane. Then he brought long, dry sticks, and laid them carefully over the chasm, and when he had framed a groundwork thus, he brought grass and twigs, and broad flakes of light moss. At times he let himself down upon the sweeping plane, and at others he ascended the mountain by another way, and worked upon the opposite side.

Months had passed since the boy Moor commenced his work. It had been a work of great moment—of great magnitude—a work which few strong men would have dared to commence alone. But the boy had done it. Day after day had he labored when he dared, and week after week saw but little done. But when the months had gone, and the rainy season was at hand, the work was complete.

One morning Ben-Zama sat in his tent, and with him were the seven men who had helped to murder the Moorish merchants. While they conversed, Noona's boy entered their presence. He had waited over a week to find these eight men together.

"What now?" asked Ben-Zama, half angrily.

The boy drew a piece of yellow metal from his bosom—a piece which he had obtained from that very room a month before—and handed it to the chief.

"What is that, Ben-Zama?" he asked.

"This?" cried the Tibbou, starting. "'Tis gold! pure gold! Whence came it?"

"From the mountains."

"Ha! The mountains?"

"Yes, valiant chieftain. I found it in a bed where is a wonderful mine."

"You did?"

"Yes. But the way is difficult of access."

"Never mind. 'Tis pure gold! Lead me there!"

"Aye—lead us there!" cried the others.

Ben-Zama dared not object to his aids following him, and ere long Malek was leading the way over the rough path of the mountains.

It was a wild, difficult passage, and the chieftain wondered what could have led the lad thither. The latter said he had come in search of eggs for Noona. At the end of three hours they came to the narrow shelf upon the steep mountain-side; but as the boy went boldly on the men did not hesitate. When Malek reached the edge of the declivity he stopped and turned to his followers.

"Do you see that bed of moss and gravel?" he asked, pointing down to the strange work he had done.

"Yes—we see it; but how do you reach it?"

"Why—it is easy to slide down to it. All you have to do is, to settle down and start. You'll stop *when you reach the bottom!*"

"And the gold—is it there?"

"Follow me and look for yourself. Here—so—now come on."

As the boy spoke he settled to a stooping posture, and balanced himself for the slide. The greedy men followed his example. The shelf was wide here, and they had room to start nearly together. Malek went on ahead—down—down—down—but with a keen eye and a steady nerve. At the edge of the moss his right foot touched the end of a concealed stick—his form assumed an upright position, and with one flying leap, his left foot just touching a firmer spot in the centre of the mass, he reached the opposite rock.

And there he turned as quick as thought and snatched away the stout cross-stick upon which he had stepped.

"*Remember the Oasis of Lebon, and the Moorish merchants!*" he shouted, at the top of his voice.

The boy caught the quick, frightened look of Ben-Zama—he heard the fearful cry of terror—and on the next instant the bloody chieftain was at the edge of the precipice. He gave one more wild cry—made a desperate plunge for the spot where the boy-avenger stood—but he might as well have tried to leap to heaven. He touched the baseless fabric, and in a moment more he was lost to sight.

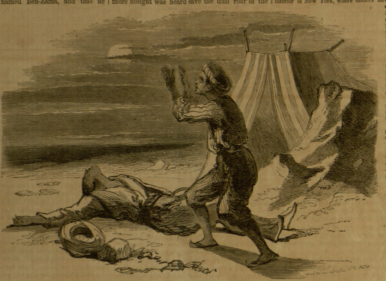
The others comprehended their dreadful fate now. They threw themselves upon their backs, and pressed their hands upon the rock; but the smooth surface afforded them no holding-place. Down they went—down—down—down—the voice of the young executioner sounding still in their ears—down—down.

A low cry—a cry of death—came up from the vast depths of the chasm—and in a few moments more nought was heard save the dull roar of the distant torrent as it bore upon its foaming bosom the forms of eight dead men.

"I buried six beneath the sands of the desert. I have buried eight here! Father—mother—brothers—you are avenged!"

Noona never saw her adopted son again; but in a few weeks afterwards Malek, the son of Yezid, arrived in Tripoli, and when he had told his story he found no lack of friends.

I saw Malek in his native city, a stout, hale man, doing a good business as a silk merchant, and this story was told to me by one of his own household.



THE WONDERS OF THE CREATED UNIVERSE.

What mere assertion will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 192,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe without demonstration that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth? and that, although so remote from us that a cannon-ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, yet it affects the earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second; or that there exist animated and regularly organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies, laid close together, would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes, is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second! That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see;—nay more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of colour. That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second! Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ *All the back numbers of the* LEDGER, *from June 7th, 1856, up to the present date, can be had at our office, in quantities or by the single copy.*

Kate Kearney maintains that the planets have no influence whatever over a person's destiny, and that perhaps one half of the clergy were born under Mars, and the greater number of our soldiers under Venus. Very likely. We only know that we know nothing about it, and care no more than we know. It seems, however, to be a growing opinion, that the planets have great *magnetic* influence over the earth. Indeed, Sir Richard Vivian, in a work lately printed, called "The Harmony of the Comprehensive World," goes so far as to say that without the moon there would be little if any animal life; that, therefore, the moon is our common mother. "Hence," says he, "arises the conjecture that those planets which have no satellites are either uninhabited by animated forms of matter or tenanted by the lowest and most zoophytical of such beings." If it be true that eggs are sooner hatched when the moon is growing than when she is decreasing, that all animal and vegetable juices increase with her increase and decrease with her decrease, and that even the hair when cut at new moon grows quicker afterwards than when cut at full moon, there must be some germinating influence in the reflected planetary light. Whether these alleged facts be true or not we cannot say; but they seem to be very generally believed in the rural and unscientific districts, and were implicitly believed by the ancients; and Sir Richard Vivian seems to think that they are facts which cannot be refuted by the moderns, and that they are in perfect harmony with the principles of modern science. So that the unscientific are more scientific than the scientific!

Bayard.—"What becomes of animalcula when frozen, boiled, or swallowed—are they destroyed?" Our correspondent seems to have some suspicion of the immortality of animalcules. How can he imagine that any animal can withstand the operation of boiling or being eaten? The animalcules certainly do not seem to care much about being eaten, as if it were a mere joke, but this we suspect arises from the blissful ignorance or stupidity with which they are gifted. Animalcules are easily destroyed, but their eggs are not.

Justitia.—We should have to hear the other party's statement before we could give an intelligent opinion on the case. An angry man is incompetent to state a case correctly in which he is one of the interested parties. The only advice we can venture to give is that you wait until your anger has entirely subsided before doing anything about the matter.

A Girl of Seventeen wants to know whether poverty increases or diminishes love? We don't know, but are inclined to the opinion that it would increase pure, unselfish love, and decrease interested and selfish love.

Geraldine.—Why mourn for the loss of such a selfish and treacherous lover? It seems to us that you should rather rejoice at having escaped marriage with such a contemptible creature. A man who will repeatedly break his solemnly pledged word, who will attempt to ruin the reputation of an innocent girl, and who will even defame the mother that gave him birth and nurtured his infancy, cannot possibly be worthy of your regret. But you girls are unaccountable creatures, and the history of your sex shows that women are too ready to love and marry the most unmitigated scoundrels and the most disgusting sneaks.

A Newsdealer.—Your anonymous note does not deserve to be noticed; yet, in order to correct an erroneous impression, we would say that *five* cents is not too much to charge for the "Ledger" in Norfolk, Va.; but to charge six cents is an extortion. There are also some distant places in the interior of New York, where dealers have to charge five cents. The Ledger, however, is sold for four cents in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and intermediate cities.

S.B.J.—Fudge! It is not "wicked" to kill animals for food, any more than it is to kill the myriads of animalcules which swarm in all kinds of grain, and which have to be sacrificed whenever the grain is converted into food. The "humanity" which revolts at the idea of killing an ox or a pig is of the most illegitimate birth.

H.G., Vicksburg.—We believe that heaters are used in some northern dairies in the winter, but their use is by no means universal.

J. B. Y.—You did wrong in whipping your little daughter for "accidentally breaking your watch." A child should never be punished for an "accident."

Minnie.—The poem to which you refer is called "The Ladder of Life," and here it is:—

Like a ladder—still enlarging
  Year by year—our life is given;
One step fixed on earth's green margin—
  One ascending high in heaven:
Up this ladder of our being
  Morn and noon and evening go;—
Moment after moment fleeing,
  'Till their worth too late we know!

Some with gold the steps environ,
  Cloth of gold that seems sublime;
Some ascend o'er steps of iron—
  Wet with tears, and hard to climb!
But though sorrows may be steeper,
  Though in care and suffering trod;
There is comfort for the weeper
  In the endless time of God!

Time—alas, how sad we use it,
  As through life we wander on;
'Scarce we have it—ere we lose it!—
  Ere we say "*'Tis here*"—'tis gone!
'Till Time older—weaker—sadder—
  Takes its dark and awful stand;
And upon Life's trembling ladder,
  Holds us by a trembling hand!

Let our souls, to this attending,
  Keep Good Deeds in daily store:
Still ascending and descending
  Like Good Angels evermore!—
Deeds that make the Future gladder,
  Lend a blessing to Life's hours;
And the last step of Life's Ladder
  Crown with God's immortal flowers!

Zella has a friend, a lawyer, who "is very religious, and goes to church three times a day, and takes the sacrament regularly—thinks playing cards a sin, and dancing not *altogether* proper, and still he is a lawyer." Now, Zella wishes to know "how a lawyer can be an honest or truly religious man?" It would require a lawyer to answer this question. It is no easy matter for any man to be truly honest and religious. The ways of the world are not at all in harmony with such exalted virtue; and lawyers are professedly men of the world, who follow the letter that killeth rather than the spirit that giveth life. Zella also asks if Lord Byron was an atheist. No; atheism is too unpoetical and illogical for Lord Byron to profess it. Even Shelley, when in the hardihood of youth and independence, he wrote "There is no God," qualified the meaning of the words by saying that he believed in the spirit of Nature, the soul of the universe. But Byron never used such language. On the contrary, Byron professed religious sentiments. "Devotion," says he, "is the affection of the heart, and this I feel; for when I view the wonders of creation, I bow to the majesty of Heaven; and when I feel the enjoyment of life, health, and happiness, I feel grateful to God for having bestowed these upon me." Atheism is an attempt to show that the supreme stupidity of matter is a better creator, governor, and preserver of Nature than Divine intelligence or will. In other words, that non-intelligence is superior to intelligence. It is an eccentricity, something like an attempt to prove that hands are more rational than heads, and that the less a man knows about music or dancing, the more likely he is to perform both to perfection.

L. P. M.—The comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer" was written by Goldsmith, and is founded on a laughable incident that befel the poet on his last journey to Edgeworth's town, previously to his entrance at college. Having left home on horseback, he reached Ardagh at nightfall, where it was necessary for him to sleep. He had a guinea in his pocket, and was determined to enjoy himself. He asked for the best house in the place, and from a piece of literal Irish comprehension, or waggery, was directed to a private house instead of an inn. Goldsmith had no thought of a mistake, and, being readily admitted by the servants, who, from his confidence, concluded that he was some well-known friend and invited guest of their master, he gave directions concerning his horse, and being shown into the parlor, found there the owner of the mansion at his fireside—a Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune, and somewhat of a wit. Oliver began to call about him with authority, as one entitled to attention; and his host having soon detected the youth's error, and being willing to enjoy an evening's amusement, humored his guest, caused wine, and whatever else Oliver chose to order, to be brought him, accepted, with his wife and daughters, an invitation to supper at his own table, and received with becoming attention, strict injunctions to have a hot cake ready for breakfast on the following morning. It was not till he called for his bill before quitting the house, that the abashed school-lad discovered his blunder, and learned that he had been entertained at the residence of an old acquaintance of his father. The adventure was subsequently made to furnish the main incident in the comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer."

Driscoll.—You must have forgotten the teachings of your history and geography. Portugal does not contain as many square miles as the single State of New York. It was anciently a province of Spain, was conquered by the Moors in the eighth century, and held by them for nearly three hundred years. The Moors were driven out in the eleventh century by the Christian warriors of Castile, and the country was then awarded to Henry of Burgundy, for his assistance and bravery. He married a daughter of Alphonso, King of Spain, and founded the kingdom of Portugal. It was afterward twice conquered and annexed to Spain, but in 1340 the Portugese shook off the Spanish yoke, and chose for their king the Duke of Braganza, in whose family the crown has ever since remained. The royal family, in terror of Napoleon, emigrated to Brazil in 1807, and did not return until the year of his death—1821. Though the Portugese are now a miserable and ignorant people, they had the honor of leading the way in all the discoveries which were made in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They were the first that doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and for a considerable period they were, next to the Spaniards, the most brilliant and wealthy people in Europe; but, like Spain, Portugal is a monument of the evanescent nature of wealth arising from foreign possessions, showing that industry and not adventure, that agriculture and manufactures and not mines of silver and gold, are the true and permanent sources of national prosperity.

Bartholomew.—There is no wrong in discreet charity, but promiscuous and haphazard alms-giving is a great evil. In our opinion, it is a bad thing for any respectable person to receive alms, inasmuch as his manliness and self-respect must thereby receive an almost incurable wound. A man in good health who will *beg*, is a most pitiable object.

Inquirer.—The much-talked-of "flour riots" of 1837 occurred on the thirteenth of February of that year. About four o'clock P.M., of that day, a concourse of several thousand persons had convened in front of the City Hall, and were addressed by some of the choicest demagogues of that generation. When their passions had been wrought up to the proper pitch, they made a rush for the establishment of Mr. Eli Hart, (then the most extensive flour-dealer in the city,) situated on Washington, between Dey and Courtlandt streets. The doors were smashed in, and the building was soon filled with the rioters. Barrels of flour by dozens, fifties and hundreds were tumbled into the street from the doors, and thrown in rapid succession from the windows, and the heads of those which did not break in falling were instantly staved in. Intermingled with the flour were sacks of wheat by the hundred, which were cast into the street, and their contents thrown upon the pavement. About one thousand bushels of wheat, and four or five hundred barrels of flour, were thus wantonly and foolishly, as well as wickedly destroyed. The most active of the destructionists were foreigners—indeed the greater part of the assemblage were of exotic origin, but there were probably five hundred or a thousand others standing by and abetting their incendiary labors. Amidst the falling and bursting of the barrels and sacks of wheat, numbers of women were engaged, like the crones who strip the dead in a battle, filling the boxes and baskets with which they were provided, and their aprons, with flour, and making off with it. One of the destructives—a boy named James Roach—was seen upon one of the upper window sills, throwing barrel after barrel into the street, and crying out with every throw—"Here goes flour at eight dollars a barrel!" Early in the assault Mr. Hart's counting-room was entered, his books and papers seized and scattered to the wind. And herein probably consisted his greatest loss. Other flour stores were also attacked, and much property destroyed, but the Mayor and police succeeded at last in dispersing the rioters, and order was restored. The military were also ordered out, and the mob was completely cowed for the rest of the season. It is not at all probable that we shall have any such riots and wanton waste of property this winter. If we do, it is to be hoped that the military will not be called out for mere display but for the most active and unremitting ball practice. A little wholesale phlebotomy always does a mob infinite good.

Brooklyn School-Boy.—Your teacher is in error in regard to the christianizing and the character of the ancient "Northmen." Christianity first began to be generally diffused in the North about 900 years ago. Up to that time, the people of the North were mere heathens, who acknowledged a religion which chiefly excited them to conflicts and to deeds of arms. They believed that those heroes alone who fell in the field would go to Odin, the god of the brave, or enter into Valhalla, the abode of the blessed. Here they would pass their time in joy and delight. During the day it was said the fallen giants contended in a forest before Valhalla, until they fell beneath each other's blows, but towards evening they came to life again, and rode back again to Valhalla. Wearied with the fight, they refreshed themselves here by a splendid banquet; and in common with the gods feasted on the swine Sarimner, whose flesh constantly renews itself; nor did they forget to drink plentifully of the choicest beer and mead. As valor was regarded as the highest virtue, so cowardice was stamped as the basest of crimes. From his earliest youth the native of the North sought for warlike fame. While a mere strippling, the Northman practised the use of the sword, which when he had grown to manhood he never allowed to rust in its scabbard. If there were no troubles at home to afford him the opportunity of displaying his courage, he adopted the predatory life of a Viking, and eagerly undertook warlike expeditions, or made descents upon foreign countries, for the purpose of winning both glory and booty. In the winter he sat at home in his hall surrounded by his retainers; but in the spring he again took to the sea, and frequently encountered other Vikings from the North. Joining their forces, they visited with their terrors not only the countries of the Baltic, but also England and France, whose coasts were scarcely ever free from their plundering visitations: and even the countries lying farther to the south, as Italy and Spain; and wherever they committed their ravages they left sanguinary traces of their formidable swords.

Fifth Avenue.—It seems to us that your reasoning is erroneous and your reasons merely selfish ones. Are not your children's minds and souls of more importance than their costume, or your wardrobe, or your husband's dinner, even? All these material matters are things of importance, without doubt, but they are not the *most important*; and it is a very erroneous misapplication of time for a woman, who fills the honorable and responsible character of a parent, to waste her days in the frivolous employment of needle-work or the executive minutiæ of domestic affairs, (for which substitutes of equal ability may be so easily provided,) if she be capable of taking an active part in forming the minds of her children. Surely it would be a more profitable disposal of time and money to appoint a housekeeper to perform these concerns of inferior importance, and to discharge in person the tender and essential office of a governess—at least as far as respects principles, religion, morals, and the cultivation of the heart. But let not any mother presume to engage in this sacred and delightful task, without first inquiring of herself, whether she is able to renounce foreign pleasures, whether she can restrain herself from dissipated indulgence authorized by custom for those in affluent circumstances, whether she has courage and perseverance to rise early and watch late, to devote her whole time and undivided attention to this one great object; and finally, whether she can rely upon herself to set such an example of self-government as shall illustrate her own precepts in the most forcible manner.

Miss L. E.—You should not get out of patience because you "find it difficult to learn the precise meaning of words." Nothing can be learned or done *with precision* without much painstaking. As for "perspective," it is that department of drawing which teaches us how to represent objects as they appear to the eye, with due regard to the laws of distance, position, light, and shade; and it is divided into two parts, namely, *Linear Perspective*, which treats of the *outlines* of objects as they appear to the eye; and *Aerial Perspective*, which treats of the *tints* and *shades* produced by light and atmospheric influences. The work on this subject by the celebrated Krusi would give you a clear idea of the whole matter. We do not know where you can find the book, but by making due inquiry at the bookstores you could probably get on track of it.

Rondout.—As you say you "have kept company with the girl for eighteen months" it is quite possible that she could bring a successful action for breach of promise against you; for, although she might not be able to prove a positive engagement, she could easily make out a case sufficiently strong to warrant the jury in giving a fair amount of damages. The presumption would be that you were engaged, for it is not to be supposed that any honorable man would trifle with a girl's affections for eighteen months, or that a sensible woman would continue to "keep company" with a man for that length of time unless she was engaged to him. And a man who would thus trifle with a girl ought to be made to pay a liberal price for his sport.

Forest City.—If you have "ample proof," &c., of course you could defeat any action the woman might bring. But how do you know you have such evidence? What you consider "ample proof," may be deemed no proof at all by the court; or, the evidence on which you would rely for success might be ruled out altogether, in which event you would be left completely at the mercy of your prosecutrix; and we need not remind you that the tenderest mercies of a jealous, enraged and scorned woman are cruel. You must proceed with much caution, therefore, if you would escape damages.

A Sufferer.—We know nothing about the practice, character or trustworthiness of the person to whom you refer. As a general rule, those physicians who boast of their skill in the advertising columns of the public newspapers are not to be implicitly trusted. You would doubtless best consult your welfare by applying to some well-known physician near home, who would, of course, keep your secret forever locked in his own breast. No reputable physician, lawyer, or clergyman, ever reveals a secret that has been confided to him professionally.

Dwight S.—The cost of living in France is about the same as in this country, if one does not take into the account the losses that a stranger is certain to experience from all manner of impositions which, in his ignorance of the laws, language, and his rights, he is unable to escape. It would be unwise for a boy to go abroad for his education, for many reasons, nor should one travel in foreign countries—unless under the superintendence of his father, or a competent guardian or tutor—until his mind has become matured and his character settled.

Eva.—A woman should never volunteer to make a confession of love. Such a course is almost always sure to repel the object of her affections, and all the instincts of man revolt at it. She must be as agreeable and fascinating as possible, and trust to fortune to bring the wished for one to her feet. It is very odd that any girl over seventeen should not know how to make a man suspect her love for him, without doing anything which he would consider indelicate or forward.

De Soto.—Unless you can *prove* the charge which you are tempted to bring against the young lady, you had better say nothing about it. If, as you say, you "know positively that she is guilty of the crime," you must yourself have been a party to it, or witnessed it, and thus know who the parties were. We look with disfavor upon any one who is ready to charge others with crimes upon hearsay testimony.

Job.—Exercise the patience of your namesake, and bear, without repining, the annoyances to which your ill-natured master subjects you.

Helen.—State the case to your father and abide by his decision.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*